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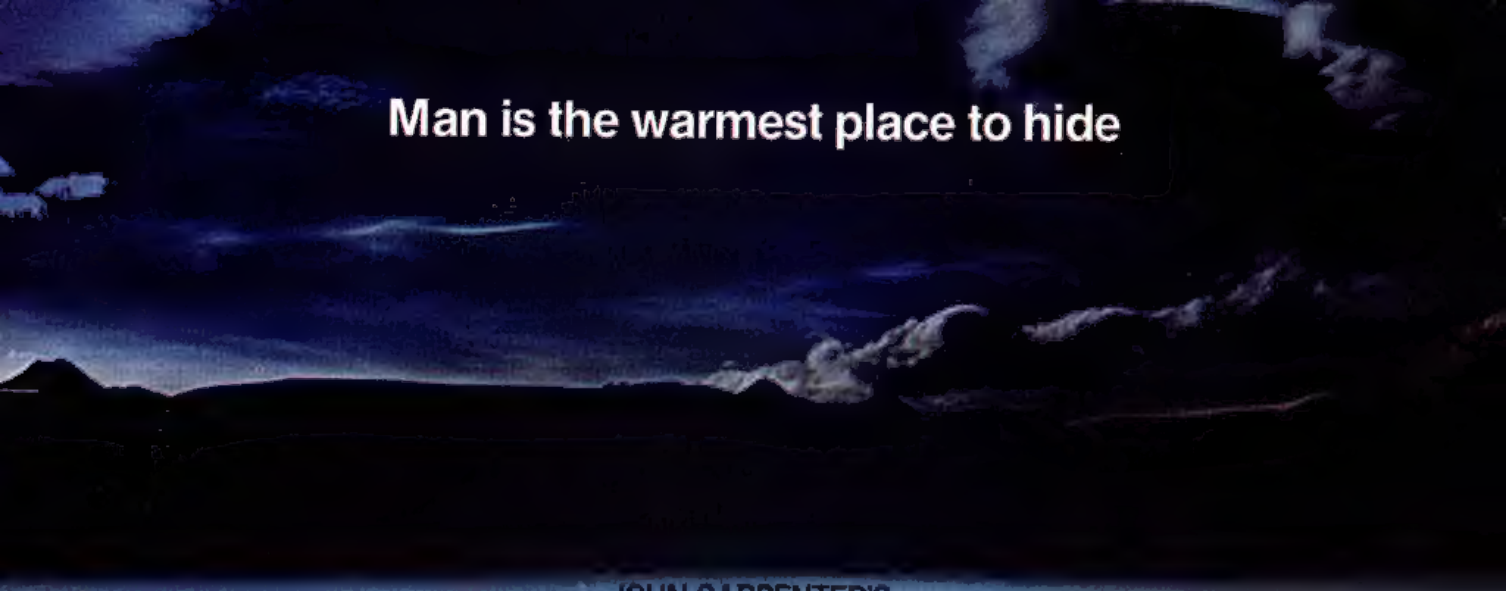

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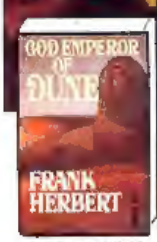

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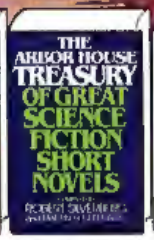

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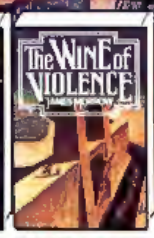

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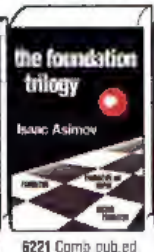

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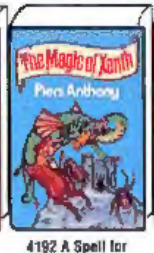

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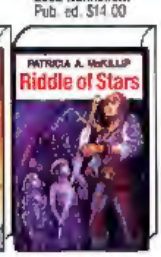

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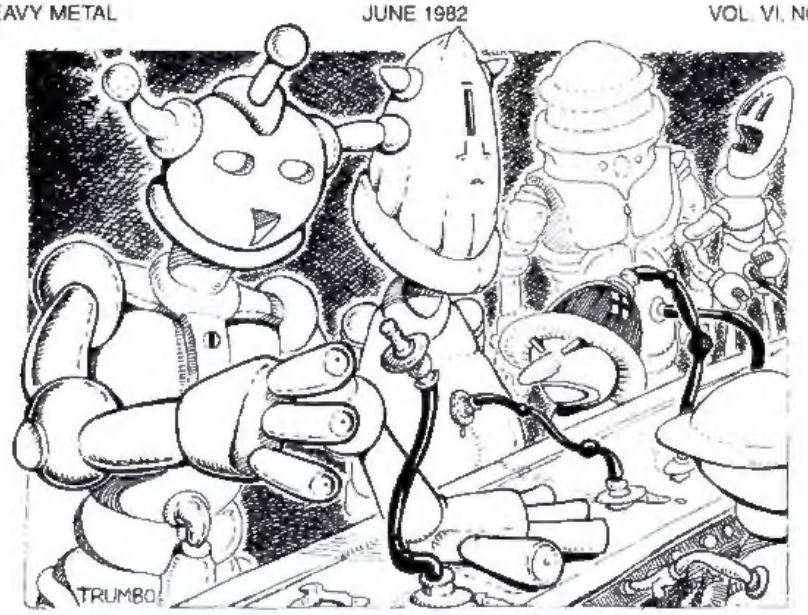

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"THE ROAD WARRIOR" EXPERIENCE STARTS SOON!

Philip K. Dick (1928–1982)

Photograph by Nicole Oliveri Panter

It's almost impossible to write an obituary for someone you care about deeply without sounding maudlinly sentimental. Inevitably, the first thoughts to arise are selfish, and the pain ripping at you caused by the sense of *your* loss. It's a personal and private thing.

Philip K. Dick died this past March 2, from a stroke he had suffered eleven days earlier. Expressing the shock and rage fired in me by Dick's untimely death has proven excruciatingly difficult, the anguish knife-twisted by the stabbing realization that my chance to meet face-to-face the person whose work most influenced my life is gone. I've blown it, and it hurts.

So this won't be an obituary or eulogy. The only salve for the very tangible ache I feel is to ignore it—shut out the self-pitying selfishness and probe the special qualities of Dick's writing that so profoundly touched me and a great many people I know as well. Communicating a sense of this unique power might offer a small consolation.

Dick's thirty-year body of work (forty published books, of which six collect most of the 100 short stories not adapted into novels) yields a compassionate and sensitive man's complex response to an absurd world that sometimes seems out to get you. Individually, the books are inconsistent: crankily idiosyncratic, frequently brilliant but hastily written, and occasionally so full of holes that your fingers stick through. But you can't let that matter. The effect seeps in gradually over the course of several books, leaking through the cracked walls fortifying your worldview, taking root in your subconscious like some insidious contagion. Unaware of this steady erosion of complacency, you're jolted by the sudden-dread realization: *Reality is not what it seems.* In *UBIK*, common items form-devolve into their mechanistic ancestors. In *Time Out of Joint*, a soft drink stand in a park disappears, and a piece of paper flutters to the ground. Printed on it are the words: "SOFT DRINK STAND," and the façade crumbles. In *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, the title character's leering visage of menace, slot-eyed and iron-jawed, intrudes into every aspect of the hallucinogenic-distorted reality of the protagonist. In "Faith of Our Fathers," the hero *stops* taking his mandatory dose of hallucinogens and begins to perceive things as they *really* are. In *The Penultimate Truth*, the world's population labors in subterranean factory-habitats manufacturing weapons for use in the devastating, aboveground war. Until someone climbs to the surface and discovers something quite different....

The cumulative impact is devastating. In Dick's universe you take *nothing* for granted. Not only have all authority figures lied to you, but *reality* has lied to you as well. Says a character in *Galactic Pot Healer*, "In our society, *everybody* is aced out." But however paranoid, Dick's vision isn't despairing. There is always hopefulness within the entropic decay, humor in the absurdity, and redemption in the superhuman abilities of ordinary humans to cope with extraordinary circumstances. We can make it. We may not triumph heroically (who the hell does, anyway?), but, goddamn it, we'll survive. Humans will survive as long as they retain their humanity, Dick says, and the measure of humanity is the capacity for caring. In both *The Zap Gun* and *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* the characters' ability to feel empathy both marks them as human (distinguishable from near-perfect simulacra, in the latter) and assures their salvation (learning empathy from a children's toy saves them from an alien invasion, in the former).

And it's all so fucking ironic... a writer most concerned with the power of human caring was cared for so little by the rest of us... and now just as he had achieved some measure of comfort in his life, recognition and appreciation for his value as a contemporary American writer, and seemingly imminent mass-culture success (courtesy of *Blade Runner*—by all accounts, including Dick's own, an accurate portrayal of his vision)... he dies. It's so maddening it's almost funny—and as Dick was driven to find the humor in even the most hopeless of circumstances, I'm sure somewhere he's getting one goddamn big laugh out of this. I hope I will at some point.

—Lou Stathis

DOSSIER

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Popism
Why I Hate It

I just *love* Chic and Gary Glitter," Flying Lizards' head herpetologist David Cunningham gushed a few years back. With clenched teeth stifling a gag, I foolishly allowed the man to continue. "More creativity goes into pop music than rock'n' roll by far."

While two years' worth of liberal Preparation-H application seems to have helped my swollen snoot glands, I continue to resist any taste-change operations. Alleged creativity or not, most pop still comes in as lowest-common-denominator aural Wonder Bread, beamed at Twinkie-fed brains in order to render them tranquilized and harmless. Except for a few rare innovators (producer/arrangers like Phil Spector and George Martin), pop product lacks adventure, risk, challenge, and originality (its very nature *demands* familiarity). Designed chiefly for consumption by adolescents (and those of comparable maturity), it force-mutates complex adult emotions into Precambrian simplicity via one-syllable truisms, industrial-strength artificial sweeteners, and pasteurized-process love food. The creativity Cunningham cited exists only in construction, not in substance.

Fully cognizant of these prejudices, I steer clear of such obvious danger zones as radio (both am and fm), TV rock shows (Wolfman Jack meets Don the Mummy), and pop rock manufactured with those markets in mind. That way, my tender sensibilities are spared the torment of vacuous garbage like **Quarterflash** (Geffen), retrogressive inanity like the **Go-Go's**' *Beauty and the Beat* (IRS), and even half-horrible stuff like **Dwight Twilley**'s *Scuba Diver* (EMI America). Twilley's songs are driving and pleasantly catchy in a Tom Petty-ish way, but devoid of any new ideas whatsoever (ditto T. P., who acknowledges the worthlessness of his confections).

Pop needn't be a vast wasteland, and some folks do work at bootstrapping it up. **ABBA**, a band I've resolutely ignored for years, prove with *The Visitors* (Atlantic) that adult Euro-pop needn't be an oxymoronic description. They combine Beatle-ish melodicism (simple yet unique) with lush, Spectoresque arrangements, and lyrics that actually say something (yowl) with understated humor and cleverness. Interesting how ABBA's moving toward a central "progressive pop" ground, as ex-"progressives" like **Renaissance**—*Camera Camera* on IRS—and **Genesis**—*Abacab* on Atlantic—head for the same spot from the opposite direction. Genesis in particular sound revitalized—could drummer **Phil Collins** (whose refreshing *Face Value* Atlantic released last year) be exerting more influence?

Persons of the Afro-American persuasion frequently possess a midas pop touch, and undisputably, **James Brown** is the King of Kings. While poorly packaged and hastily slapped together, Polydor's *Best of James Brown* struts the Man's stuff convincingly. Inevitably, considering the career expanse covered, quibbles arise (where's "I Feel Good," huh?), but hell, it's only a single LP; more than enough to convey Brown's enormous influence on pop's last two decades. Compare the instrumental interaction of "Sex Machine" and "Popcorn" with that of Sly and Robbie's reggae or Kraftwerk's electropop—like Brown's own elastic body, the parts work brilliantly both as independent entities and in congress.

While his Lordship could be held partially responsible for disco, he can't be blamed for his imitators hosing the soul-sweat out of seventies dance music. Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards' **Chic** (organization, they aptly call it) have produced a string of successful antiseptic disco platters, transforming perspiration into a glow, as it were. *Take It Off* (Atlantic) does it again—okay for a tune or two, but soon smothers itself in Arrid Extra Dry. England's **Modern Romance**, on *Adventures In Clubland* (Atlantic), bypass the sweat glands entirely by mixing Chic-ish rhythmic rigidity with rap's self-inflating narcissism. Sleek and stylish, but unfit even for the "Soul Train" caboose.

Lastly, we have **XTC**—the world's best most unsuccessful white pop band. Brilliant but penniless, their five superb LPs issued here on four different labels, are perpetually millstoned with the "too clever for their own good" tag, etc. Criminal horseshit this is. Even better than its predecessors, *English Settlement* (Virgin/Epic) is so full of energy, pure melody, textural embellishment, and classic songwriting, that the ten songs included are only half the band's current output (the import LP has five more songs, a single has three more, a flexi yet another . . .). Like Bowie, XTC are eccentric traditionalists—the only real pop way to go these days.

—Lou Stathis

Popism
Why I Love It

I confess. I am a pop music junkie. I can't deny the wacked-out power am/fm rock schlock has over my underconsciousness, the jolt of feeling alive and that I'll live forever. When I die I want to come back as Bruce Springsteen, Stevie Nicks, Debbie Harry, Linda Ronstadt, Mick Jagger, and Joan Jett singing "I Love Rock 'n' Roll (put another dime in the jukebox, baby)." I reaffirm the rites of rock/role passage as frequently as possible. If there's a J. Geils, Police, or even a Foreigner concert at a mega-sports arena, I want to be there. I buy singles, videodiscs, and albums by golden-oldie superstars and fave-rave new artists and stage rock dance parties with my friends where we trade off as lead singer and backup vocalists.

Like Patti Smith and everyone else who fell in love with rock pop, I'm brain-damaged by the "star making machinery behind the popular song." My lowest moments come when I hand over money for Bee Gees, Barbra Streisand (who I despise), and Willie Nelson albums. I have no tolerance for Broadway show tunes (please go back to Argentina, Evita), Frank Sinatra, and certain forms of country. However, J.S. Bach and Mozart send me; I think of them as The Who, The Beatles, and Talking Heads's David Byrne without hooks and bridges. So, "Start Me Up" because the beat goes on forever.

—Daphne Davis

TOUGH GUYS

Noir Has a Thousand Eyes

Jagged slits of light in the slanted silhouette of a venetian blind angle across a seedy room's darkened wall. The menace of mocking laughter echoes through the narrow alley outside as the shadow of a paranoid fleeing figure extends two stories high up the brick wall. Out of the ominous blackness, neon blinks forever at a bar oasis, signaling impending doom.

The night has a thousand eyes—all watching late show *film noir*, the filmmaking style that flourished from 1941 (*The Maltese Falcon*) to 1958 (*Touch of Evil*). The term *film noir* was coined in 1946 by the French critic Nino Frank, who noted a new strain of cynicism and pessimism in American crime films and its similarity to American authors Cain, Chandler, and Hammett, published in France as *Série Noire*.

To feminist film critics writing in *Women in Film Noir* (NY Zoetrope, 31 E. 12 St., New York, NY 10003), the movement represents a period when patriarchy was challenged by strong female film characters who did not play out the stereotyped Hollywood roles of subordinates to men. Film historian Foster Hirsch illuminates this "dark, urban world of neurotic entrapment leading to delirium" in *The Dark Side of the Screen: Film Noir* (A.S. Barnes, 11175 Flintkote Ave., San Diego, CA 92121) by relentlessly backtracking *noir*'s narrative patterns, literary tradition, and the stylistic influence of both the German Expressionist and Italian Neo-Realist schools. The full scope of *noir* unreels in *Film Noir—An Encyclopedic Reference to the American Style* (Overlook Press, Box 427, Woodstock, NY 12498), a mammoth 400-page compilation of synopses/credits/critiques of 300 *noir* titles, all cross-indexed for reference value.

Musical homages to *noir* have surfaced in both the sandpaper-on-mahogany voice of Tom Waits and the evocative, smoky jazz piano nocturnes of Ran Blake (*Film Noir* on Arista). Filmmakers have recently recycled *noir* conventions in such films as Walter Hill's *The Driver* (1978), Mark Reichert's 1980 *Union City* (with Deborah Harry), Amos Poe's *Subway Riders* (1981), Bob Rafelson's *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1981), Lawrence Kasdan's *Body Heat* (1981), and Ridley Scott's *Blade Runner*.

Twenty-nine movies (including *Union City* and Hitchcock's 1954 *Rear Window*) have been adapted from stories and novels by Cornell Woolrich (1903-1968), ranked by Hirsch as "the writer whose sensibility is most deeply *noir*." Woolrich wrote: "I was only trying to surmount for a little while the darkness that all my life I surely knew was going to come rolling in on me some day and obliterate me. I was only trying to stay alive a little brief while longer, after I was already gone." Woolrich lives—not on the mass-market paperback racks—but inside flickering televisions, his luckless, doomed characters, pinioned between brassy commercials, racing through the night toward a deadline at dawn.

—Bhob

Hard-Boiled Dicks

Mickey Spillane is one of the world's best bad writers. His 1947 novel *I, the Jury* (Signet), just re-released as a tie-in to the movie adaptation starring Armand Assante as Mike Hammer, shows its age. The "negroes" in the story (called "jigs" and "bucks") say things like, "Yassuh, boss," while rolling their eyes at Mike "beat-it-out-of-'em-if-they're-slow-to-talk" Hammer. Spillane also tosses in a number of irrelevant references to "pansies" and how very revolting they are.

Partly borrowed from Dashiell Hammett's *The Maltese Falcon*, the plot of *I, the Jury* is twisty and treacherous. It features a seductive female who leads the detective around by his nose—perhaps nose is the wrong organ here—until he gets wise to her deadly game. Hammer shafts her, as it were, in the finale.

The novel's killer commits a string of grisly murders to cover up an extremely implausible narcotics racket. Spillane clumsily links these killings to a contrived scheme for compelling young women to become hookers. But did I quibble with this while reading the book? Hardly! While Spillane's mucked-up grammar did jolt me now and then, I kept right on. The man's a mesmerist with a gift for sharp, red-edged imagery, and I'd have plugged you in the belly with my trusty .45 if you'd tried to take the book from me.

Mike Hammer's grim sense of humor and S.S.-style ruthlessness appeal to my worst adolescent instincts. Hammer bruises his women when he kisses them. And they love it. Along with Spillane's *Death Wish*-esque, ultraviolent vengeance fetishism, it's where *I, the Jury* interfaces with *The Savages of Gor*, the latest (17th!) novel of women "finding themselves" as bondage slaves in John Norman's Gor series.

Despite appearances, Spillane is most definitely a fantasy writer, and at bottom, he and Norman are in the same league. While the Gor books are "science fiction" with explicit kinky fantasizing, Spillane's detective stories have a strong undercurrent of s&m erotic fantasy—check out the execution scene at the end of *I, the Jury*. Both Spillane and Norman clearly believe that weaklings are best dead or enslaved, that survival of the fittest is an ideal system, that women like to be dominated, and that violence is the quickest way to solve most problems.

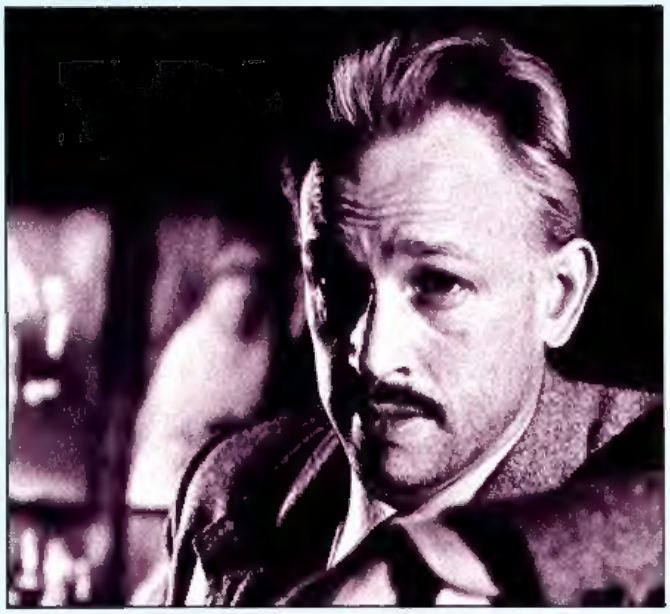
The fetishism in *The Savages of Gor* is right out of the *Story of O* but without Pauline Reage's elegance. Norman's hero Tarl Cabot relishes making his "beautiful female slaves" sleep nude on "the cold stone tiles." They speak only when given permission, they call him "Master," and are given a bowl of "slave gruel" after a day's lowly work.

After a tedious initial lecture series the pace picks up when Norman tells vividly of Tarl Cabot's quest into the "Barrens" to save a monstrous alien warlord who was once his hated enemy. It's a muscular narrative and if you have any affinity for Norman's outright perversity and don't mind wading through a few lengthy discourses on Gorean anthropology, you'll likely get caught up and have a pleasurably rugged, manly, macho time of it.

—John Shirley

A Man Called Hammett

In 1917 in Washington, D.C., I met a young woman who did not remark that my work must be very interesting." When Dashiell Hammett wrote those words in 1923, the author of *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Thin Man* was into his second year as a professional writer; but in 1917, into his second year as a Pinkerton private investigator. As writers Jim Trombetta and Richard Blackburn observed in *Crawdaddy*, "In most Hammett novels, the character of the detective is the real mystery." The same can be said of Hammett himself, who has been subjected to as much public scrutiny as Hemingway and Mailer—first as a celebrated novelist and then as a suspected communist sympathizer, jailed for refusing to testify during the 1950s witch-hunts.



Frederic Forrest as Hammett

The speculation about Hammett's "true" nature continues with Richard Layman's *Shadow Man* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) and the upcoming film based on Joe Gores's novel *Hammett*. Layman's exhaustively researched biography falls short of the definitive Hammett study—the relevance of Hammett's world-weariness and love of impromptu character assassination are beyond Layman's comprehension. Whether Wim Wenders's adaptation of Gores's novel will hit the mark remains to be seen. The German director's first English-language film, *The American Friend*, compensated for a thin plot with great characterizations — the exact opposite of Gores's strengths and weaknesses. The two may complement each other. The most hope for success, however, lies in the casting of Frederic Forrest as the 1920s Hammett, beginning his writing career and being lured into his last big murder case. One of the best character actors today, Forrest will likely bring the young Hammett to life, as Jason Robards did the older Hammett in the otherwise tepid *Julia*. If not, it doesn't matter; Hammett's books are still in print.

—Robert Morales

Happiness Is A Warm Gun

Scores of hydraulically-swaged, round-nosed projectiles[1] ripped into the wall behind the man in the skin-tight, black combat suit.[2] He smiled grimly as he pulled his cocked and locked, fully-automatic Metallfied VP-70 from its shoulder-stock holster[3]—the underarm SMB's eighteen 210-grain, hollow-tipped flesh-shredders should be enough to punch these fools' ticket to ride.[4] Before he stepped from the shadows he reflected, "It's a tough life catching bullets,[5] but once the guns and fighting get in your blood it's hard to shake them loose."[6]

When Publishers' Row realized that their men's books weren't moving—that the dependable old cowboys, detectives, spies, and Nazis were out there rotting on the stands—panic ensued. The solution: forget the story and give them nothing but guns, blood, and battles. There are a dozen new men's series whose heroes have declared *total* war on the Mafia, the Red Menace, drug runners, international terrorism, and a whole range of uppity Third Worlders. The new boys on the block are all thirtyish, Vietnam vet, adrenaline junkies with jutting chins. Collectively, they've gunned down enough people to populate Cleveland, and they feel naked wearing anything less than one assault rifle (M-16, AK-47, FLN, AKM, or Stoner), a very heavy handgun (.44 Automag, .45 Colt Hardballer, Browning Hi-Power, or an Ingram), and an assortment of high explosives. Needless to say, none of these guys goes swimming.

All you can pick up from this bunch are points for your weapons proficiency exam or a certificate in sudden death. Take away most of these writers' *Shooter's Bible* and you could end their careers. A hardware junkie's paradise where the solution to your frustrations is putting the good guy on one end of a gun and splattering the bad guy with the other.

1. *Death Merchant* by Joseph Rosenberg (Pinnacle). One of the longest running and worst written series, this is blood porn of the lowest order, featuring a mad dog who changes guns more often than his clothes.

0

2. *Mack Bolan, the Executioner* by Don Pendleton (Pinnacle and Gold Eagle). The godfather of gore wiped out the Mafia and has now started in on terrorists. Dependable if formulaic but a little heavy on the philosophizing.

3. *They Call Me the Mercenary* by Axel Kilgore (Zebra). The most authentic mercenary details but the author can't write.

1/2

4. *Marc Dean, Mercenary* by Peter Buck (Signet). Multi-talented wimp (from harpsichords to high explosives). Stories run in fits and starts as author introduces wildly improbable complications to keep from running out of plot.

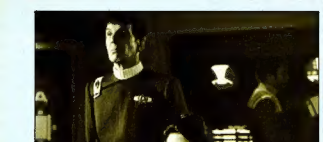
5. *Soldier of Fortune* by Peter McCurtin (Tower). Works the Third World circuit and, despite combat bubble gum cards on the back cover, reads like *Perils of Pauline* on PCP.

1/2

6. *The Destroyer* by Warren Murphy (Pinnacle). The very best because this bullet-catching hero lambasts and lampoons the whole gang. Also includes a martial arts master who's one of the great Jewish mothers of all time. A real hoot.

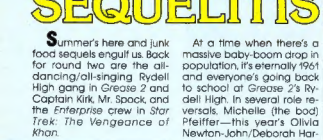
All of the above are awaiting the NRA Seal of Approval.

—Bob Mecoy



SEQUELITIS

Summer's here and junk food sequels engulf us. Back for round two are the all-dancing/all-singing Rydell High gang in *Grease 2* and Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock, and the *Enterprise* crew in *Star Trek: The Vengeance of Khan*.



The 23rd century dawns with Kirk promoted to space admiral and Spock the mentor of a liberated femme protégée named Lt. Saavik (Kristie Alley). She's half-Romulan and half-Vulcan and slightly more emotional than Spock but possessed of his problem-solving instinct. As for the villain, Ricardo Montalban resurfaces as Khan, a creature from a 1967 "Star Trek" episode. An early misfit of genetic engineering, Khan's hell-bent for revenge on Admiral Kirk. Keeping up with the latest in sf fact and special effects, this trekie sequel offers a strange civilian scientist, Dr. Carol Marcus (Bibi Besch), who's involved with changing matter on Space Laboratory Regula One. The optical and miniature photography from the 23rd century comes from none other than Industrial Light and Magic. Pass around the popcorn and hallucinogens, please.

At a time when there's a massive baby-boom drop in population, it's eternally 1961 and everyone's going back to school at *Grease 2*'s Rydell High. In several role reversals, Michelle (the bod) Pfeiffer—this year's Olivia Newton-John/Deborah Harry clone—goes black leather sexpot as the head of the outlaw Pink Ladies, who are only allowed to date the greasy T-Birds. One tough chick, Michelle's also a grease monkey at her dad's garage. In an about face, Maxwell Caulfield essays the John Travolta heartthrob lead as a preppy British exchange student. Pfeifer's got a fierce case of advanced teenage lust for Caulfield, both as a dumb lock and his secret identity as the masked macho Lone Biker.

Eve Arden, the beleaguered principal, and Sid Caesar, Coach Calhoun, return for more student abuse. Mixing the ridiculous with the sublime, weirdo Tab Hunter drops into Rydell High as a substitute sex-ed teacher with a perpetual hard-on for nubile young things. Somehow he pairs off with the latest in sf fact and special effects, this trekie sequel offers a strange civilian scientist, Dr. Carol Marcus (Bibi Besch), who's involved with changing matter on Space Laboratory Regula One. The optical and miniature photography from the 23rd century comes from none other than Industrial Light and Magic. Pass around the popcorn and hallucinogens, please.

—Daphne Davis

BETTER BODIES THROUGH BIOLOGY

Physicians have been toying with electricity as a way to treat human illness since the first century A.D., when Scribonium Largus recommended application of live eels for the relief of headache and impotence. In 1970, three inventors—Norman Hagfors, Stanley McDonald, and Clayton Jensen—updated Scribonium's theories when they developed the Transcutaneous Nerve Stimulator (TNS), a small black box resembling a Sony Walkman (with electrode wires replacing earphones). Placing the electrodes near aching joints and muscles, over acupuncture points, and even behind a subject's ears has led to impressive results. With patients reporting only a mild, tingling sensation, the TNS has proven remarkably effective in treating chronic pain, arthritis, migraine, multiple sclerosis, and drug addiction (Keith Richards and Eric Clapton both attribute painless smack cures to a black box). But mere pain relief is only the beginning. Researchers at Johns Hopkins report that by making small adjustments in pulse and frequency, they can use the black box to produce visual and auditory hallucinations in subjects. Can Aldous Huxley's Feelies be far behind?

Horror-film visions of mad scientists surgically transferring one person's brain into another's skull may be just fantasy, but three scientists at the National Institute of Mental Health are experimenting with something equally amazing. In May 1979, Richard Wyatt, Mark Perlow, and William Freed announced "the first demonstration of the grafting of mammalian brain tissue from one animal to another." The brain transplants were performed on nine rats, whose *substantia nigra* (SN)—an area of the brain linked to nervous system activity—had been chemically destroyed and replaced with SN cells from rat fetuses. After nine months, the transplanted brain tissues were not only doing their job but also extended dendrites down into their "new brains." Head researcher Wyatt speculated that "because of its potential clinical applications, this opens up a new area of investigation" to Parkinson's disease, stroke, senility, and other central nervous system disorders. The mechanisms of grafting in the human would actually be easier," Wyatt claims. Only one problem: scientists need the brains of human fetuses, and they may not prove easy to obtain.

I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC

The search for a genuine aphrodisiac (to return vigor to the flagging profligate or to turn men and women of ordinary carnal appetites into sex machines) marches on with mixed results. A few years back, witting hopes rose over something called p-Chloraphenylalanine (PCPA), which was reputed to drive male cats crazy. Trouble was it made them crazy for cats of the same sex—seeming only to promote homosexual "mountings." Further, PCPA *just* made them crazy. "The animals were observed to hiss and strike out at unseen objects," reported one researcher. "And even to interrupt ongoing sexual activity to attend to nonexistent stimuli." Instead of trying to concoct a new love drug, scientists have recently focused on a very old one—yohimbine. Derived from the African yohimbé tree, the drug's reputation as an aphrodisiac dates from time out of mind. Researchers at Canada's Queens University report that laboratory-synthesized yohimbine relieved impotence in ten out of twenty-three test subjects and significantly improved the symptoms of six others. Yohimbine futures might well be a better investment than soybeans or sow bellies.

—Jeff Goldberg

BODYBUILDING BIBLES

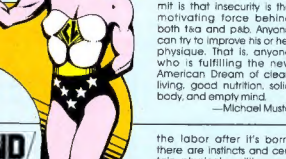
The obsession with tits and ass will never die; but it is being eclipsed worldwide by an intense fascination with pecs and biceps. For 1980s narcissists of both sexes, a sculptured body has become the ultimate status symbol, and bodybuilding bibles abound. Three tomes, all written in the hip-bone's-connected - to - the - thighbone style, and in roh-rah, ego-boosting tones, insist their program of weight lifting, exercise, and diet is the only possible one. It's enough to make you puke on your running shoes.

"Once you realize that life is an athletic event, it follows that you can train for it," insists Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Arnold's Bodybuilding for Men* (Simon & Schuster). Suddenly I felt my entire life had been shot down the tubes because I'd failed to see it as a big soccer game. I promptly did twenty push-ups, then passed out.

In Lisa Lyon's Body Magic (Bantam) we learn that "it's okay for women to sweat and that no exercise should be 'torture.'" The key term here is "body awareness." We're not just talking about lifting weights, we're talking about exploring our inner, outer, and under consciousnesses through understanding our bodies. Lyon, the first World Women's Bodybuilding Champion, claims she doesn't want to gain power over people—just confidence, strength, and stature. She informs female readers, "You will look better and more feminine and not like a boy in drag." But what about us boys? The object of increased body awareness is what Lyon calls "total body erection." This may give you a clue to what the real goal of working out for bigger and better muscle development is all about.

"I don't think anyone can look at me and say I look like a man," says Lisa. True, but I wouldn't say Arnold Schwarzenegger looks like a man either. He looks like a mutant prontosaurus (an Austrian one, of course).

Super Bodies in 12 Weeks (Simon & Schuster) by Frank and Christine Zane comes with paragraphs like: "Arguing at mealtime or playing loud music with a fast-beating rhythm can cause stomach and digestion problems. If you suffer an emotional upset right before a meal, it is probably better to skip the meal until a time when you are in a better state of mind and body and can relax before eating." With each step toward body awareness, the Zanes tell us to write down our feelings ("don't intellectualize") and also to take ego-fueling, before-and-after photos. "When you try," they tell us, "you'll see that it's impossible to feel bad when thinking cheerful and 'up' thoughts." Even with detailed programs and lots of photos, it's hard to fill these books.



What these bodybuilding author-authorities never admit is that insecurity is the motivating force behind both tits and pecs. Anyone can try to improve his or her physique. That is, anyone who is fulfilling the new American Dream of clean living, good nutrition, solid body, and empty mind.

—Michael Musto

Author and body-builder Lisa Lyon on . . .

Mind and Body: There are people who create a distinction between the mind and body—a kind of academic snobbery that says if you give too much attention to the body you then sacrifice any kind of intellectual activity. The ability to change and to evolve the body is totally contingent upon the ability to animate it with the mind. As long as you're functioning with your body, to even begin to think that you can let it deteriorate or not to take care of it is foolish. You are a body; your mind and brain are part of your body. There is research indicating that most things people die of, with the exception of accidents, are life-style created. Cancer, heart disease, and arteriosclerosis are sometimes choices you make in terms of diet, tension, and body maintenance. I think a lot of blueprints for universal realities are contained within the body and that learning through them is one way to learn about coping with external realities. Factors of discipline, strength, and control have tremendous effect on our ability to function in the external world.

Drugs: I've read studies that indicate certain hormone drugs can in fact make your body a more efficient mechanism. The problem is that the people taking these drugs are not scientifically experimenting with an overall view; they're just talking about getting good muscles. Drugs are current-day tools that can advance mankind an enormous quantum leap—as hand tools did thousands of years ago.

The Sexes: I think 90 percent of what we consider miraculous is just exercising a capacity in an area where it hasn't been exercised before. For example, I was told that as a woman I could not develop my muscles. There are certain hormonal limitations I've already transcended that people said were impossible—just because no one ever tried. It amazes me when people say, "Well, you're going to become so unfeminine," and they don't even look. They're so locked into their idea systems. I find myself, in some ways, extremely "traditional" in external appearances: I am married, I live with one man, and I believe in mating. I find all of that important and crucial. Yet people are defensive, and rightly so, because of a lot of social complications and oppression that exist all over the world. It's like wanting to have [the woman] still bear the child. I mean, I don't care how you divide the labor after it's born, there are instincts and certain physical realities, certain demands of masculinity and femininity that are innate and that are unfortunately associated with all the socially oppressed falsehoods.

SOUND MIND SOUND BODY

Fantasy: The word fantasy, fantastic, bigger than, has been inspired by that whole idea, you know, Red Sonja. Or the possibility: Superman. As for sf, it doesn't necessarily reflect the reality of life off the planet. Some of it is very realistic and reflects our negative qualities—like wars in space. The majority of stuff that I was exposed to as a child was never joyous—more horror movies than the fantastic, the charming, and what appeals to the highest and most advanced possibilities. I rebelled against the negative stuff. But I love fantasy.

The Future: It's going downhill from here. I don't care. I don't think that's bad. I know I'll survive.

—Brad Balfour

Illustration by Lisa Krousse

HARRISON FORD IN A NEW SUSPENSE THRILLER.

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OPENS JUNE 25TH AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

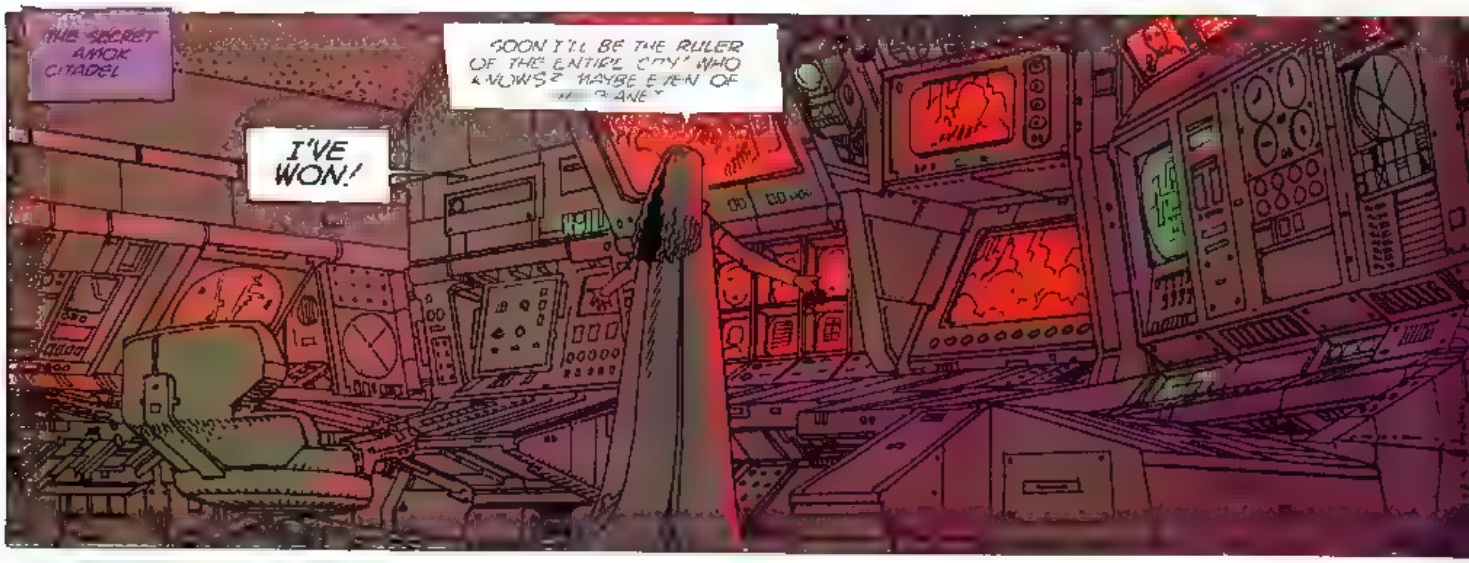
BY ALEXANDRO JODOROWSKY AND MOEBIUS

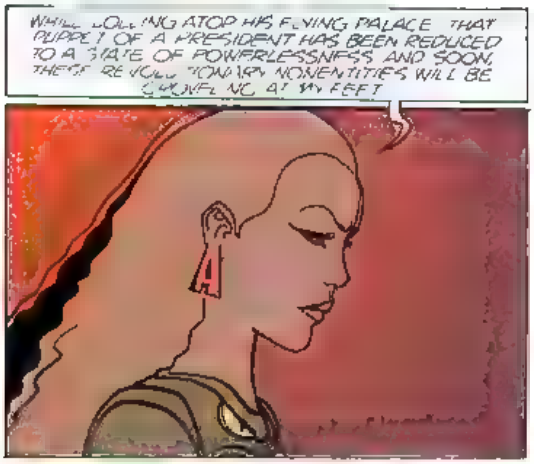
COLORED BY YVES CHALAND

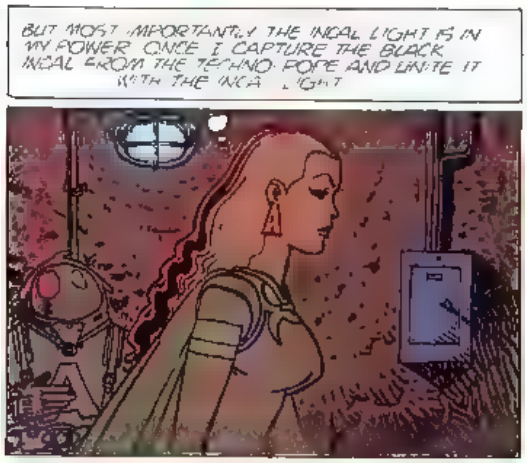
EMPERORATRIX

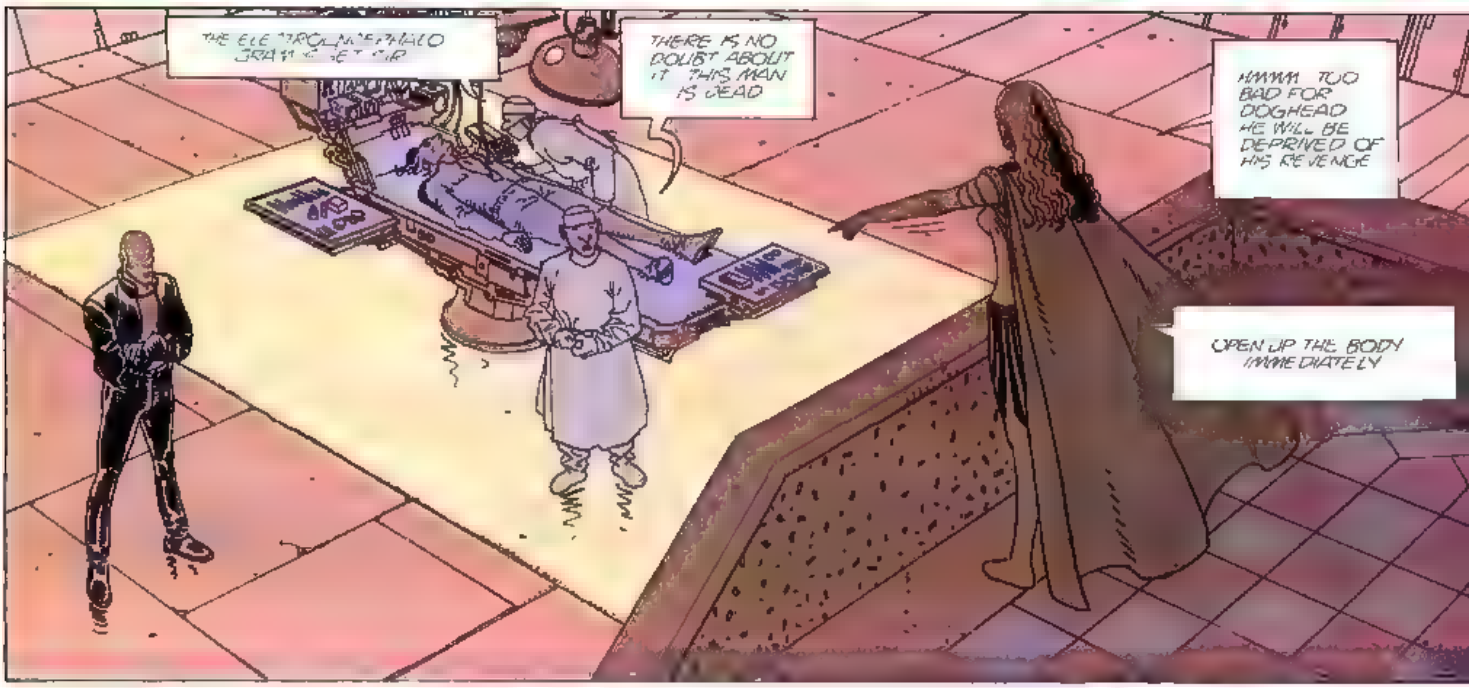
THE INCAL LIGHT

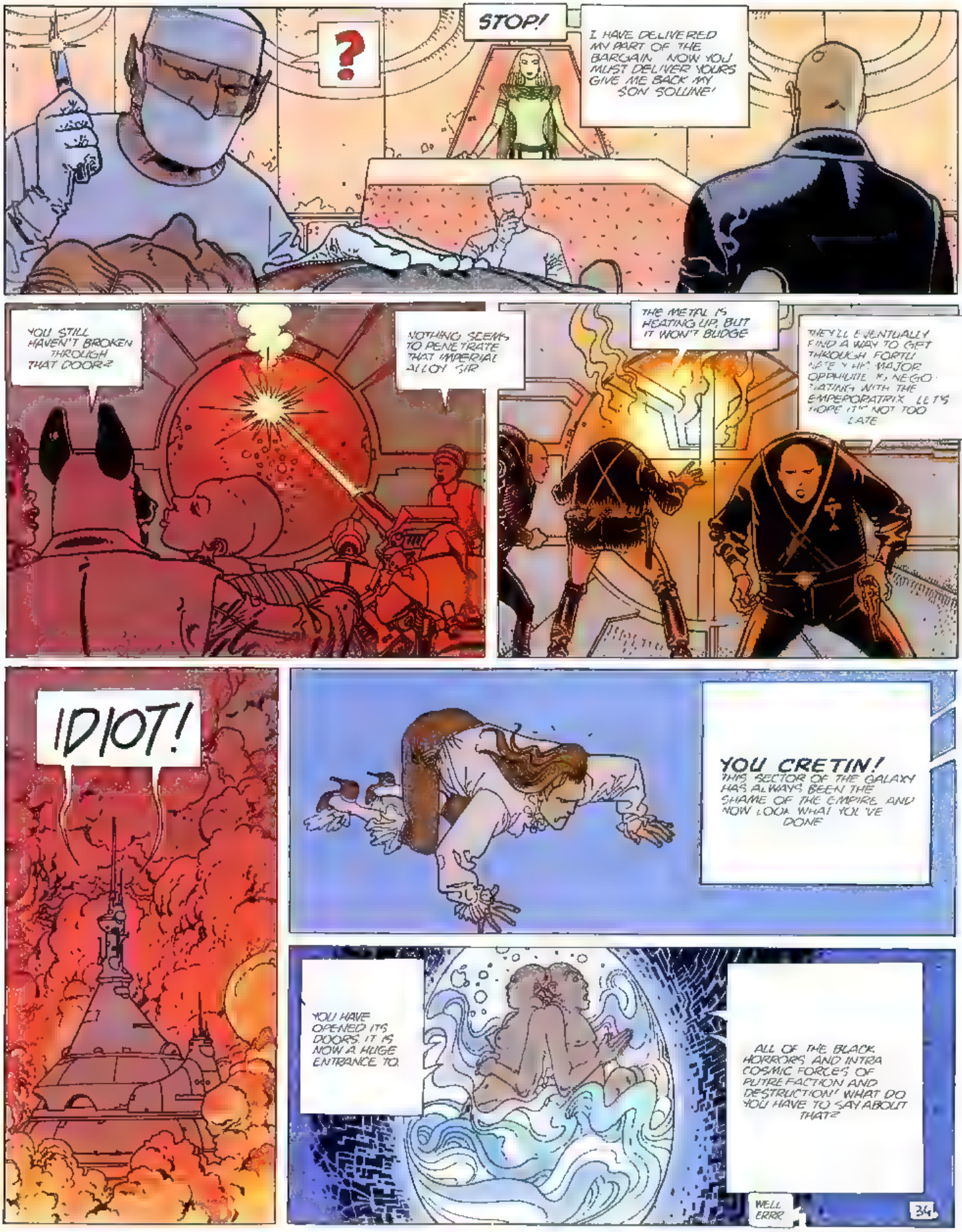
LAST TIME THE PEBE'S HAD TAKEN OVER THE PALACE AFTER A FIERCE AND LOSING BATTLE AGAINST MAJOR ORPHIDITE HAD TO BARRICADE HIMSELF IN A ROOM. MEANWHILE METABARON WAS BRINGING BACK WHAT LOOKED LIKE LIFELESS BODIES OF JOHN DIFOOL AND DERPO

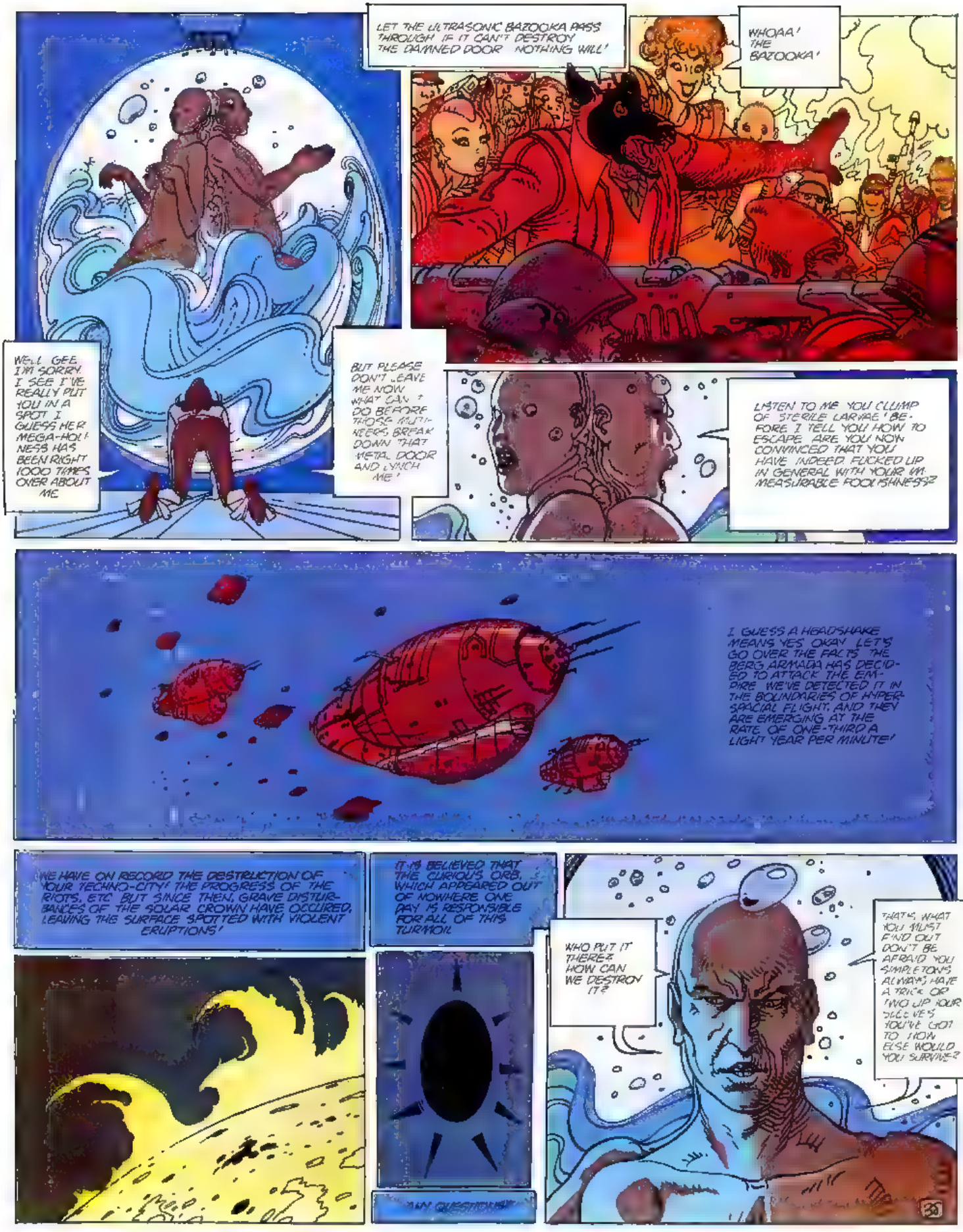


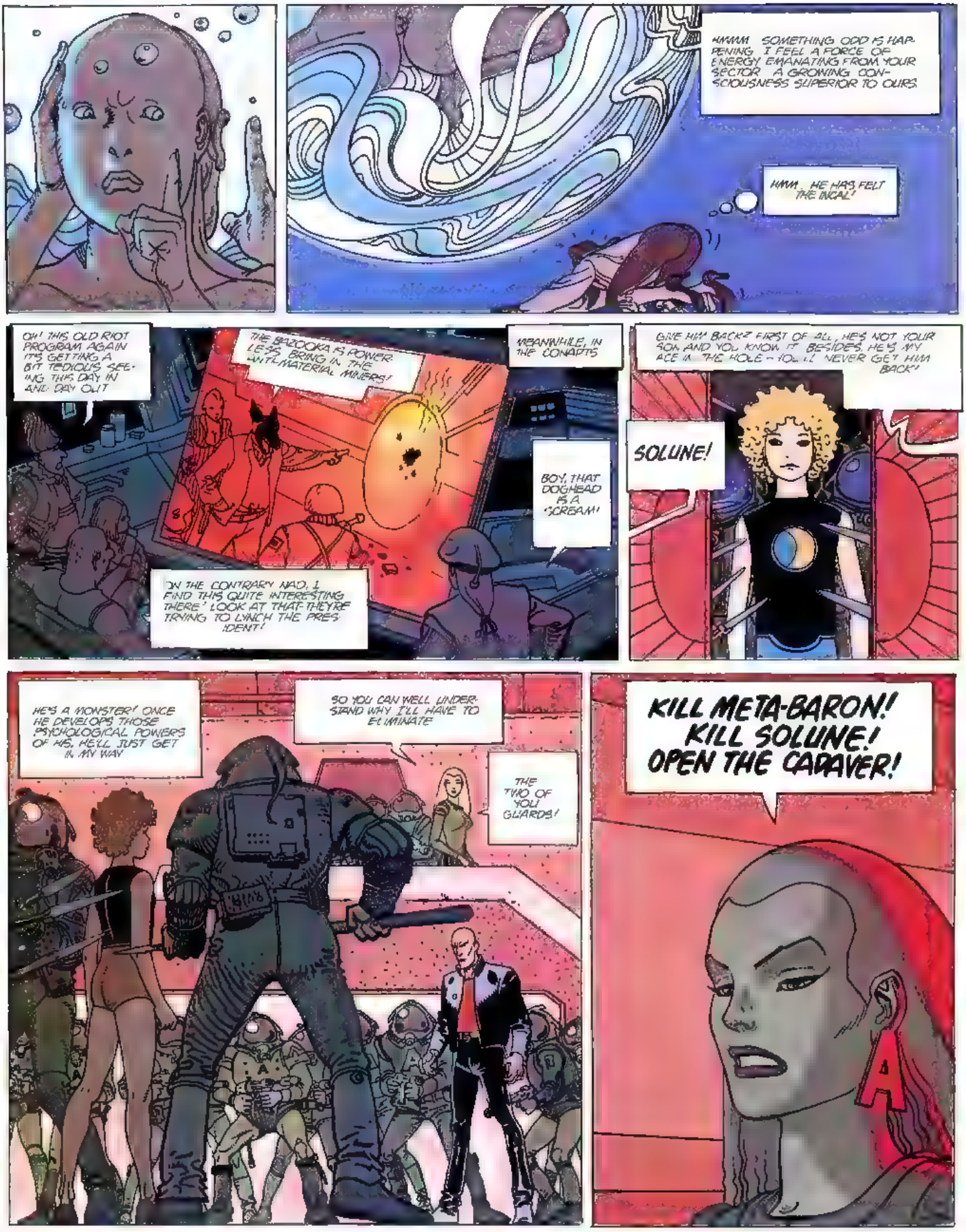

WHILE ROLLING ATOP HIS FLYING PALACE, THAT PUPPET OF A PRESIDENT HAS BEEN REDUCED TO A STATE OF POWERLESSNESS AND SOON, THESE REVOLTING NONENTITIES WILL BE CRAWLING AT MY FEET


BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY THE INCAL LIGHT IS IN MY POWER. ONCE I CAPTURE THE BLACK INCAL FROM THE TECHNO-POPE AND UNITE IT WITH THE INCAL LIGHT

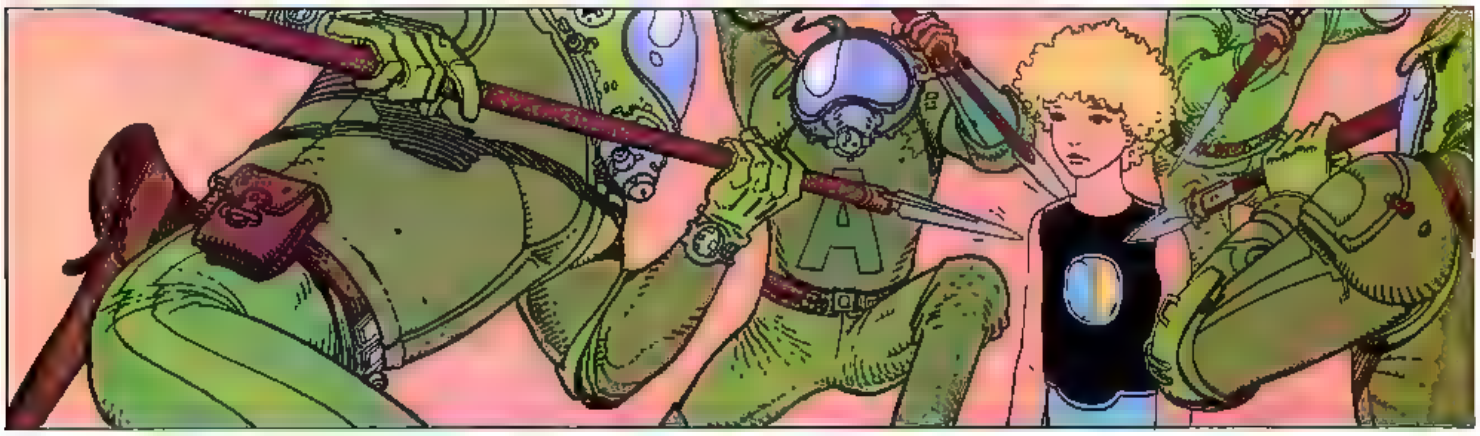

THE ELECTROENCEPHALO GRAM IS SET UP
THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. THIS MAN IS DEAD
HMMM TOO BAD FOR DOGHEAD HE WILL BE DEPRIVED OF HIS REVENGE
OPEN UP THE BODY IMMEDIATELY

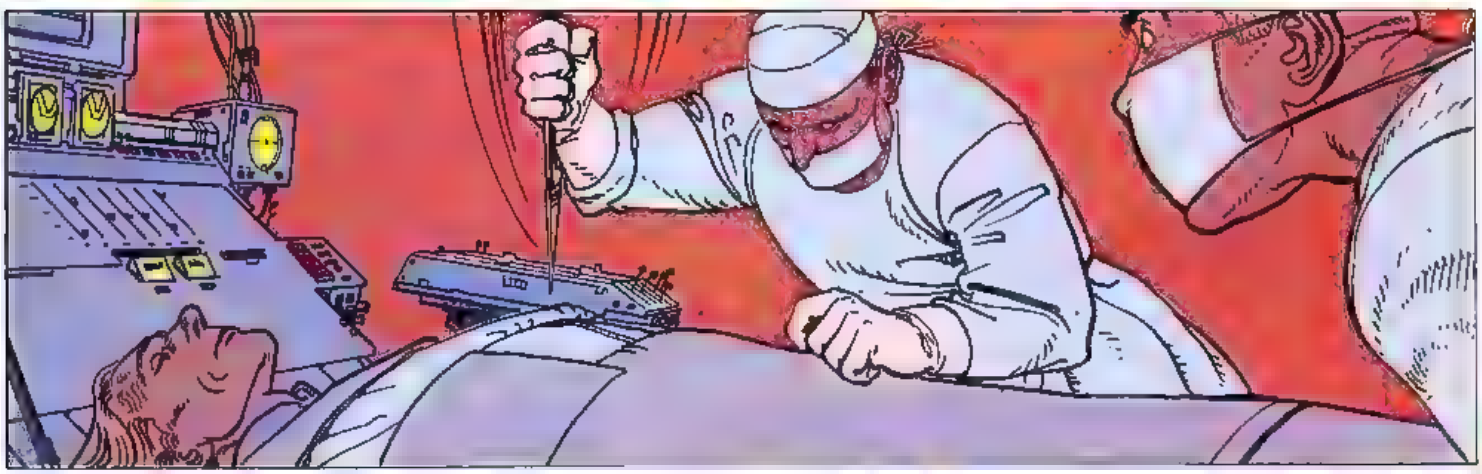

?
STOP!
I HAVE DELIVERED MY PART OF THE BARGAIN. NOW YOU MUST DELIVER YOURS GIVE ME BACK MY SON SOLUNE!
YOU STILL HAVEN'T BROKEN THROUGH THAT DOOR?
NOTHING SEEMS TO PENETRATE THAT IMPERIAL ALLOY SIR
THE METAL IS HEATING UP, BUT IT WON'T BUDGE
THEY'LL EVENTUALLY FIND A WAY TO GET THROUGH. FORTU NATE Y HE MAJOR OPPHUITE N, NEGO TIATING WITH THE EMPERORATRIX. LET'S HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE
IDIOT!
YOU CRETIN! THIS SECTOR OF THE GALAXY HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE SHAME OF THE EMPIRE, AND NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE
YOU HAVE OPENED ITS DOORS. IT IS NOW A HUGE ENTRANCE TO.
ALL OF THE BLACK HORRORS AND INTRA COSMIC FORCES OF PUTREFACTION AND DESTRUCTION! WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THAT?
WELL ERRR
34

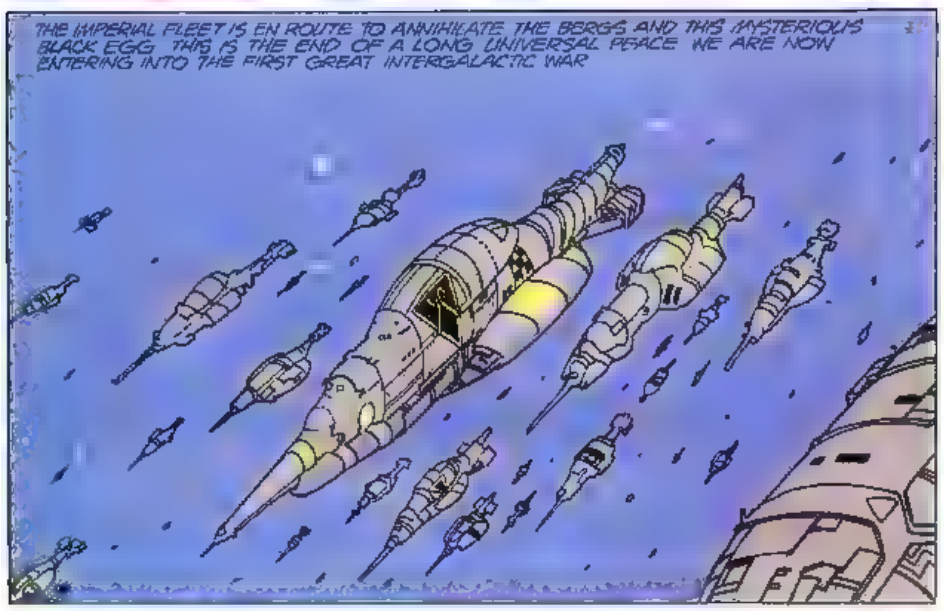

LET THE ULTRASONIC BAZOOKA PASS THROUGH IF IT CAN'T DESTROY THE DAMNED DOOR NOTHING WILL!
WHOAA! THE BAZOOKA!
WELL GEE, I'M SORRY. I SEE I'VE REALLY PUT YOU IN A SPOT. I GUESS HER MEGA-HOLINESS HAS BEEN RIGHT 1000 TIMES OVER ABOUT ME
BUT PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME NOW. WHAT CAN I DO BEFORE THOSE MUTINEERS BREAK DOWN THAT METAL DOOR AND LYNCH ME!
LISTEN TO ME YOU CLUMP OF STERILE LARVAE! BEFORE I TELL YOU HOW TO ESCAPE, ARE YOU NOW CONVINCED THAT YOU HAVE INDEED FUCKED UP IN GENERAL WITH YOUR IMMEASURABLE FOOLISHNESS?
I GUESS A HEADSHAKE MEANS YES. OKAY. LET'S GO OVER THE FACTS. THE BERG ARMADA HAS DECIDED TO ATTACK THE EMPIRE. WE'VE DETECTED IT IN THE BOUNDARIES OF HYPER-SPACIAL FLIGHT, AND THEY ARE EMERGING AT THE RATE OF ONE-THIRD A LIGHT YEAR PER MINUTE!
WE HAVE ON RECORD THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR TECHNO-CITY! THE PROGRESS OF THE RIOTS, ETC. BUT SINCE THEN, GRAVE DISTURBANCES OF THE SOLAR CROWN HAVE OCCURED, LEAVING THE SURFACE SPOTTED WITH VIOLENT ERUPTIONS!
IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE CURIOUS ORB, WHICH APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE ONE DAY IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OF THIS TURMOIL
AN QUESTIONING
WHO PUT IT THERE? HOW CAN WE DESTROY IT?
THAT'S WHAT YOU MUST FIND OUT. DON'T BE AFRAID. YOU SIMPLETONS ALWAYS HAVE A TRICK OR TWO UP YOUR SLEEVES. YOU'VE GOT TO. HOW ELSE WOULD YOU SURVIVE?
30


HMMM SOMETHING ODD IS HAPPENING I FEEL A FORCE OF ENERGY EMANATING FROM YOUR SECTOR A GROWING CONSCIOUSNESS SUPERIOR TO OURS
HMM HE HAS FELT THE INCAL!
OH! THIS OLD RIOT PROGRAM AGAIN IT'S GETTING A BIT TEDIOUS SEEING THIS DAY IN AND DAY OUT
THE BAZOOKA IS POWERLESS BRING IN THE ANTI-MATERIAL MINERS!
MEANWHILE, IN THE CONAPTS
BOY, THAT DOGHEAD IS A SCREAM!
ON THE CONTRARY NAD, I FIND THIS QUITE INTERESTING THERE' LOOK AT THAT THEY'RE TRYING TO LYNCH THE PRESIDENT!
GIVE HIM BACK! FIRST OF ALL, HE'S NOT YOUR SON AND YOU KNOW IT BESIDES, HE'S MY ACE IN THE HOLE - YOU'LL NEVER GET HIM BACK!
SOLUNE!
HE'S A MONSTER! ONCE HE DEVELOPS THOSE PSYCHOLOGICAL POWERS OF HIS, HE'LL JUST GET IN MY WAY
SO YOU CAN WELL UNDERSTAND WHY I'LL HAVE TO ELIMINATE
THE TWO OF YOU GUARDS!
KILL META-BARON! KILL SOLUNE! OPEN THE CARAVER!

STOFF
STFFF
STOUFF






THE IMPERIAL FLEET IS EN ROUTE TO ANNIHILATE THE BERGS AND THIS MYSTERIOUS BLACK EGG. THIS IS THE END OF A LONG UNIVERSAL PEACE. WE ARE NOW ENTERING INTO THE FIRST GREAT INTERGALACTIC WAR

LISTEN UP. HERE'S WHAT WE'ARE GOING TO DO.
CONTINUED.

COMING THIS SUMMER.

MEGAFORCE

GOLDEN HARVEST Presents AN ALBERT S. RUDDY PRODUCTION A HAL NEEDHAM FILM

BARRY BOSTWICK · MICHAEL BECK · PERSIS KHAMBATTA "MEGAFORCE"

Starring EDWARD MULHARE · GEORGE FURTH and HENRY SILVA as Guerera Music by JERROLD IMMEL

Director of Photography MICHAEL BUTLER Executive Producer RAYMOND CHOW Based on a story by ROBERT S. KACHLER

Screenplay by JAMES WHITTAKER and ALBERT S. RUDDY & HAL NEEDHAM & ANDRE MORGAN

Produced by ALBERT S. RUDDY Directed by HAL NEEDHAM Camera and Lenses by PANAVISION®

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED

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HEAVY METAL

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts, "Roger" the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more ($4.00)

#3/JUNE 1977: Macedo's "Rockbitz," the highly praised "Shells," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bode, more. ($3.00)

#4/JULY 1977: Lots of Moebius. "Arzach," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow," also, the final installment of "Sunpot." ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue. ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius, a space opera, plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius." ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again, yet more. ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart." ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Druillet. "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Caza, Giraud, and Moebius. ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues. ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al. ($3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978: Swashbuckling "Orion" makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow, and there's more "Barbarella," more "Jim," and yet more "Den." ($3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from "Paradise 9," and "Barbarella" gives birth while "Den" wraps it up. ($3.00)

#14/MAY 1978: "Jim the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat. ($3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad, Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman." ($3.00)

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," and yet more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Moebius's "Major Heilman," SOLD OUT! "Gail," and Harlan Ellison's

#19/OCTOBER 1978: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual. ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Gruberl "Heilman," a final rebirth, more. ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben. How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo. ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show. ($3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: SOLD OUT! with Chaykin and Wein's "[illegible]olio," and Val Mayerik's "T[illegible]more." ($3.00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Dancin'" and a Proust joke): fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien." ($3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979: SOLD OUT! "[illegible]ain Future," plus more [illegible]isode of "So Beautiful and S[illegible]." ($3.00)

#28/JULY 1979: Bode's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts. ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bode, more. ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-8," alongside Montellier and Moebius. ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H. P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others. ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bode's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more. ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Koloed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year — *a new decade* — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Nea McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. ($3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations." ($3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980: Our third anniversary issue — thirty-two pages of "Champakou" in living color, the first installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode, and more! ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell. ($3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980: "Champakou" meets his fate while "Captain Sternn" saves the day. And in their revenge, the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues, with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky Bull's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave." ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Druillet returns with the first installment of "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed). Bilal continues "Progress!" ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock Issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Druillet, Yeates, Hé, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colon, and Matena, and not to be missed. ($3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element. Inside we give you some lovely Clavelioux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal. ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar." Crepax's "Valentina" and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera," and Moebius! ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981 Jeronston returns with "Woman." Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang, Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezières, and "Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixon." Don't miss it! ($3.00)

#47/FEBRUARY 1981 William S. Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense" while "The Horny Goof" an inimitable Moebius character gets himself in and outa trouble. Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself! ($3.00)

#48/MARCH 1981 "Tex Arcana." John Findley's epic Western begins. "What Is Reality, Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows" continue, and Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Salammbo* comes to an end. Plus, Harlan Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America ($3.00)

#49/APRIL 1981: Art and the Nazis. Corben's "Bloodstar." Giménez's "Good-bye, Soldier!," Harry North's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera. Din't think we could do it in one shot, did ya? ($3.00)

#50/MAY 1981: The premiere of Chaykin's "Cody Starbuck" and Bilal's "The Immortals Fête." Plus Suydam's "The Toll Bridge" and a William S. Burroughs piece on Immortality ($3.00)

#51/JUNE 1981 The first installment of the Richard Corben interview in view. Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres, and Howarth's "Changes" winds up. Plus: Caza, Chaykin, Crepax, and our own John Workman! ($3.00)

#52/JULY 1981 Stephen King terrifies with "The Blue Air Compressor," Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues, while Chris Moore's fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up. ($3.00)

#53/AUGUST 1981. Spinrad on the Immoral Majority; the third part of the Corben interview plus a sixteen-page pull-out section on the making of the *Heavy Metal* movie ($3.00)

#54/SEPTEMBER 1981 Richard Corben's "Den II," Jeff Jones's "I'm Age," Juan Giménez's "Infantryman! Infantrymen!," and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror ($3.00)

#55/OCTOBER 1981 "Shakespeare for Americans"; the first episode of Segrelles's "Mercenary" a gallery section devoted to Philippe Druillet; plus Jeff Jones, Enki Bilal, and Steranko. ($3.00)

#56/NOVEMBER 1981: Jeronston's "Egg of the Worlds," Jeff Jones, Segrelles, and Bilal all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully ($3.00)

#57/DECEMBER 1981. Strange encounters with Debbie Harry, Jeffrey Jones, Segrelles, and Corben. Plus the odd ending to "The Immortals' Fete" ($3.00)

#58/JANUARY 1982 Our "Happy Future" issue. Includes Arno, Loustal, Voss, Ho, and Gillon; and "The Autonomous Man," by Davis, Chudnow and Balfour. All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, et al. ($3.00)

#59/FEBRUARY 1982 Begins with the further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light." Wein and Chaykin's Gideon Faust gets going—again. Plus Fernandez, Jones, Schuiten, et al. ($3.00)

#60/MARCH 1982: Our second Special Rock issue, featuring Dick Matena's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon. Luis Garcia's "Nova 1" begins. Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. Plus our regulars, "Mercenary," "Den," "Rock Opera," etc. Enjoy ($3.00)

#61/APRIL 1982 Our 5th anniversary issue offers you a variety of material. What with Clavelioux, Druillet, Moebius, Bilal, and an essay on J.G. Ballard, you'll be kept busy until our 6th! ($3.00)

#62/MAY 1982: In this issue, we give you the first part of David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution" and let you look at "The Art of Da Es Schwartberger. Plus: "Sixteen and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey ($3.00)

HEAVY METAL

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For just $6.50 you get our old standby—a white vinyl binder with a picture of a naked girl and a ghoulish monster. Or, our new, more sophisticated black "Naugahyde" binder with silver letters, for just
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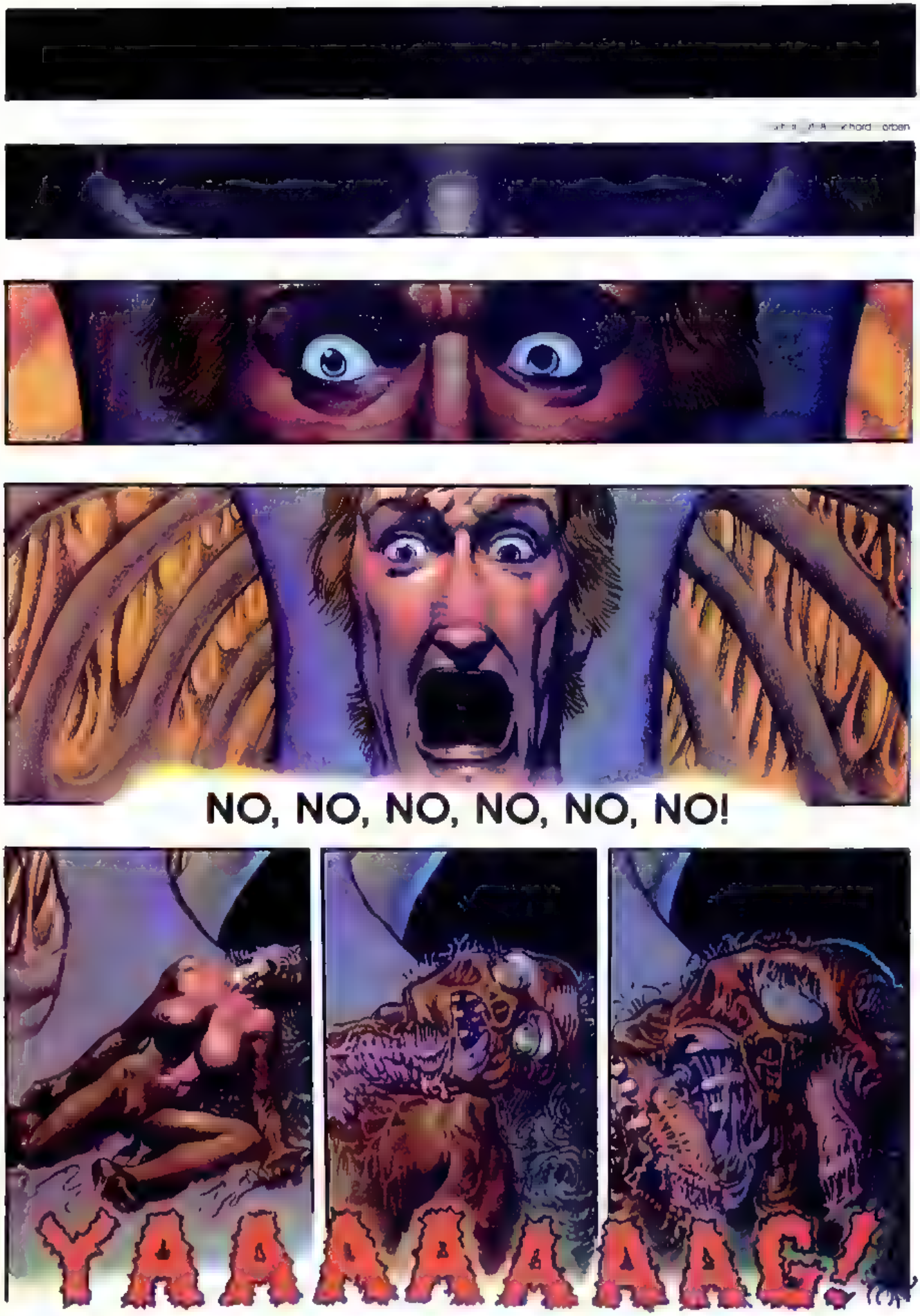
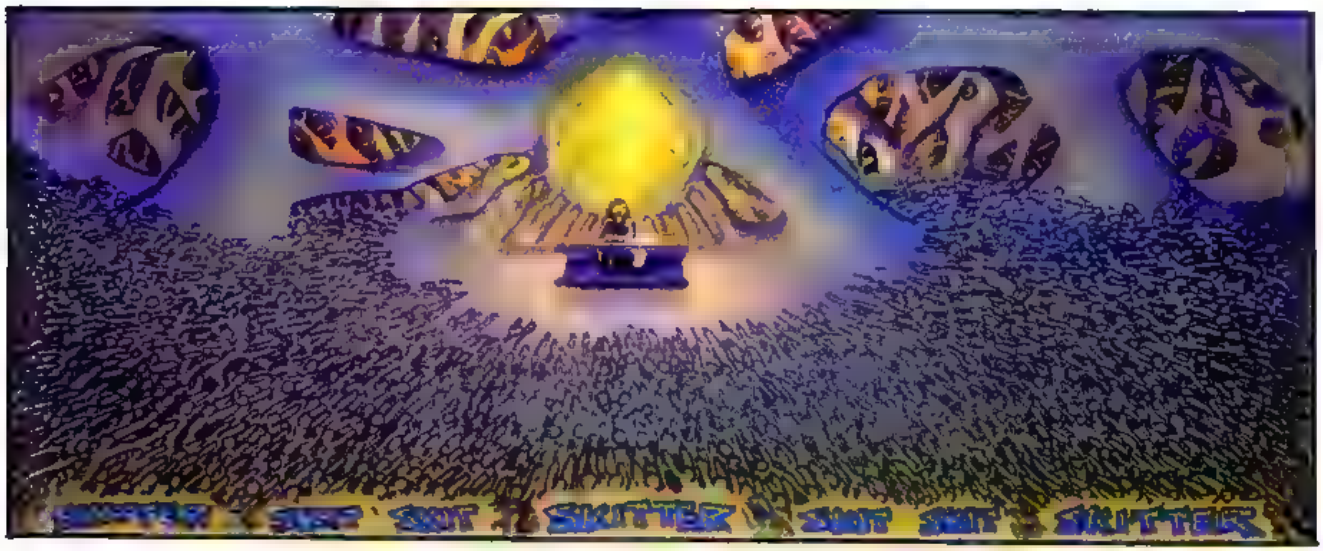
DeD II

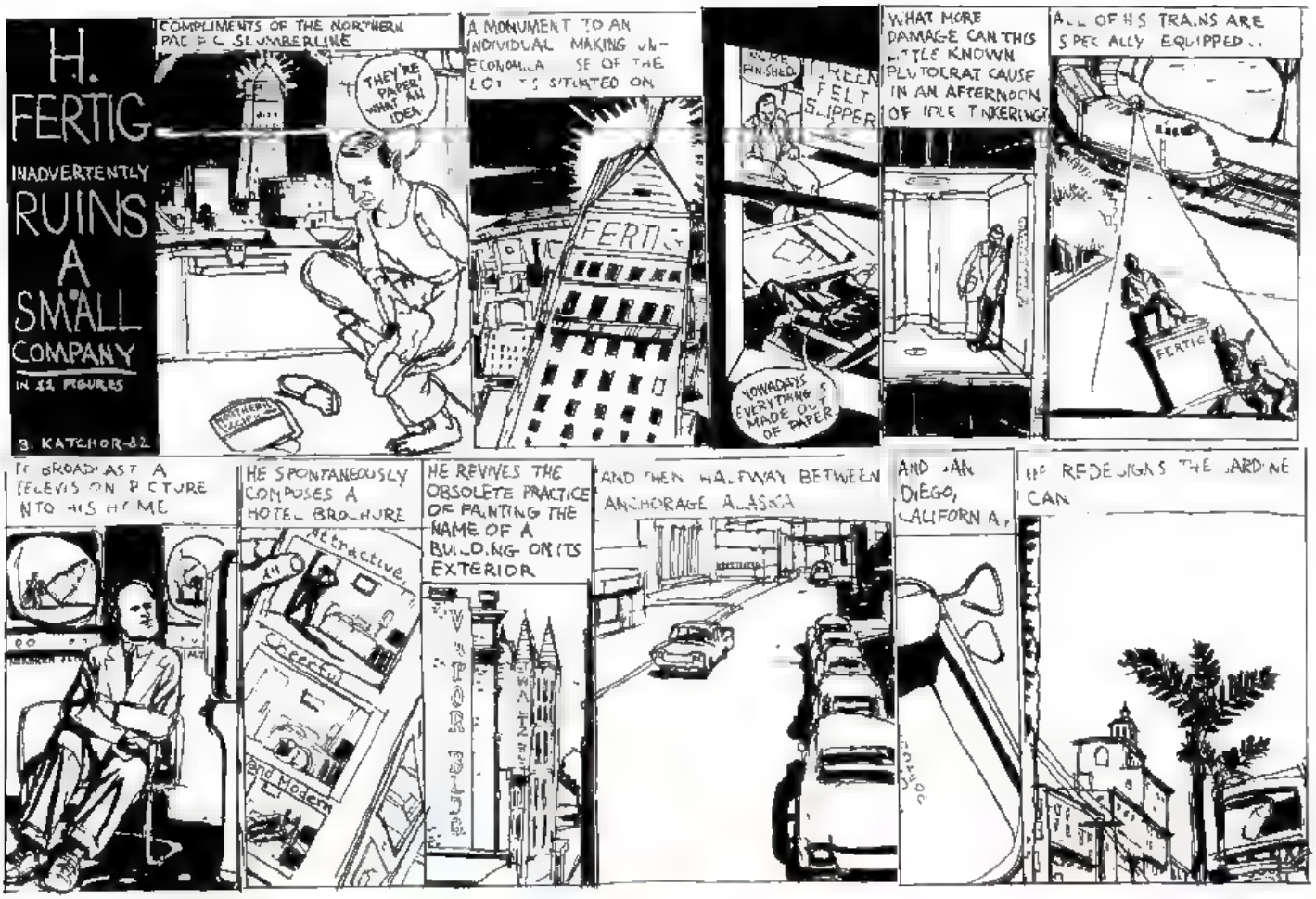
Last time around Tarn stabbed Jord to death after be ng told that there was a secret passage to the surface Unfortunately for Tarn th s was not true After Jord d ed the Dram tes took Tarn and tied him up He was be ng served by Jordella who can take any form In this case that of Tarn's love Muuta

Muuta
I love you
Muuta
You are mine
Muuta
Muuta


NO, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!
YAAAAAAAG!



To be continued


H. FERTIG
INADVERTENTLY
RUINS
A
SMALL
COMPANY
IN 12 FIGURES
B. KATCHOR-82
COMPLIMENTS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC SLUMBERLINE
THEY'RE PAPER! WHAT AN IDEA!
A MONUMENT TO AN INDIVIDUAL MAKING AN ECONOMICAL USE OF THE LOT IT'S SITUATED ON
FERTIG
GREEN FELT SLIPPER
NOWADAYS EVERYTHING'S MADE OUT OF PAPER
WHAT MORE DAMAGE CAN THIS LITTLE KNOWN PLUTOCRAT CAUSE IN AN AFTERNOON OF IDLE TINKERING?
ALL OF HIS TRAINS ARE SPECIALLY EQUIPPED...
FERTIG
TO BROADCAST A TELEVISION PICTURE INTO HIS HOME
HE SPONTANEOUSLY COMPOSES A HOTEL BROCHURE
Attractive
Cheerful
and Modern
HE REVIVES THE OBSOLETE PRACTICE OF PAINTING THE NAME OF A BUILDING ON ITS EXTERIOR
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Total amount _____
California people add 6% sales tax _____
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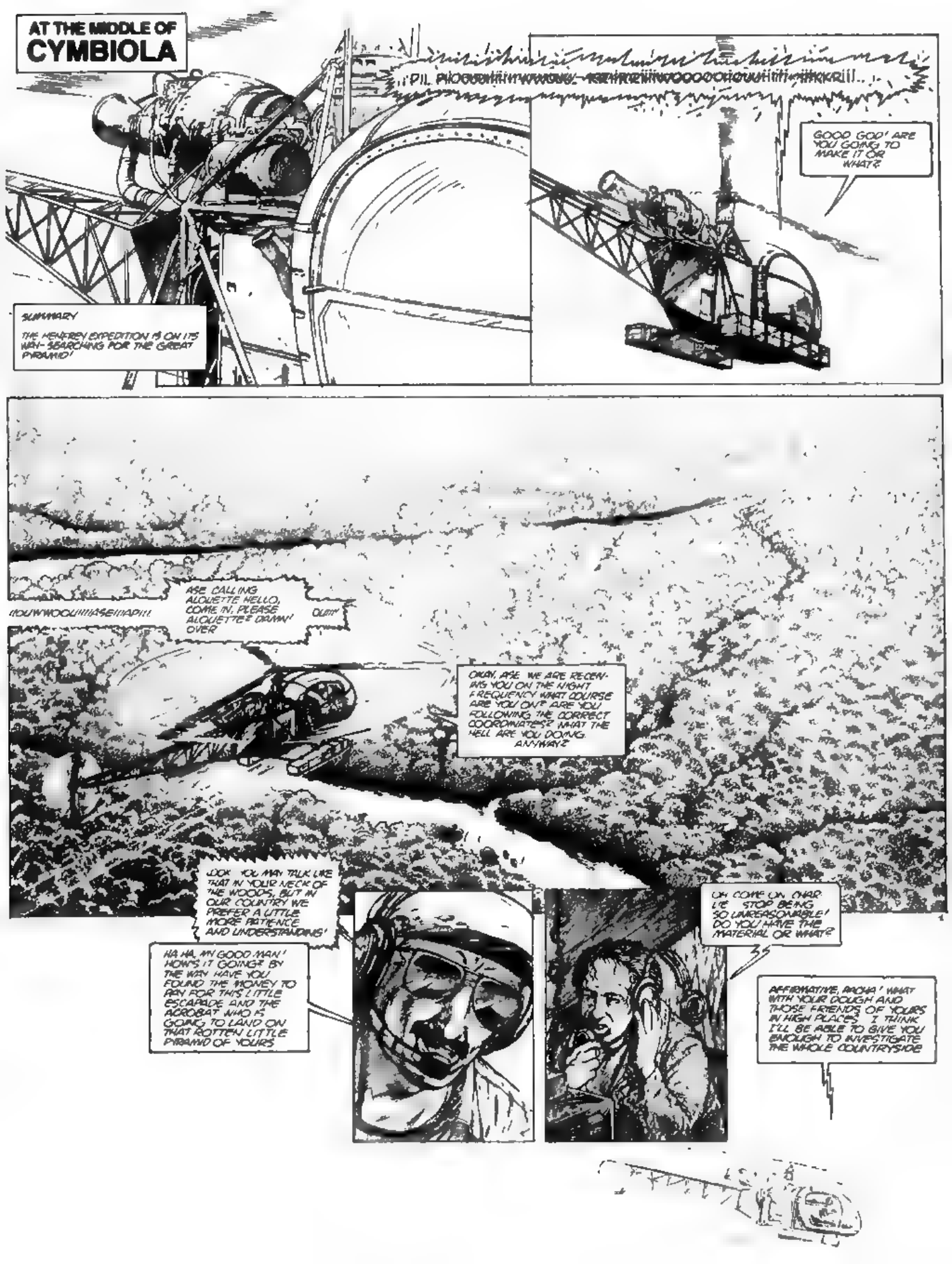
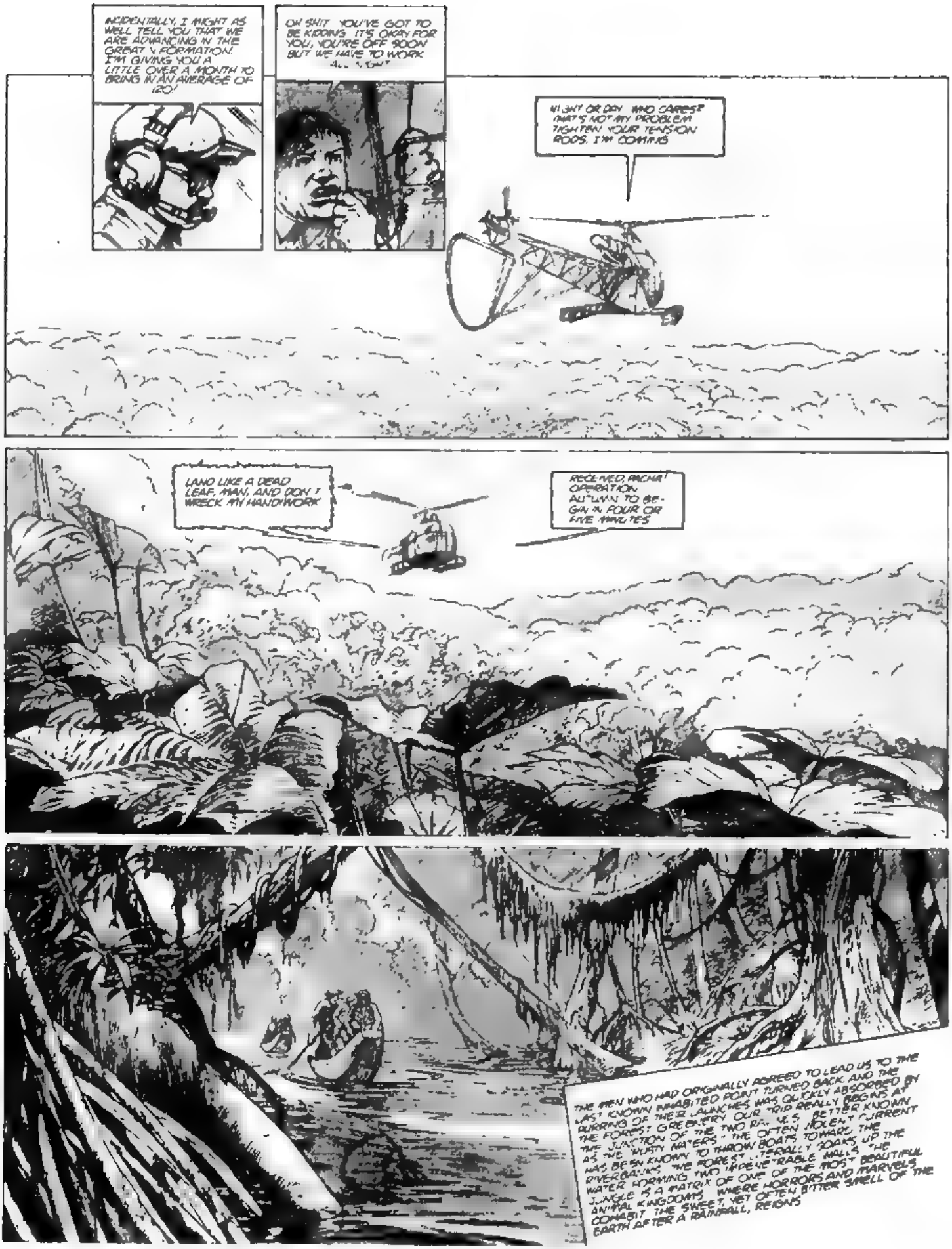
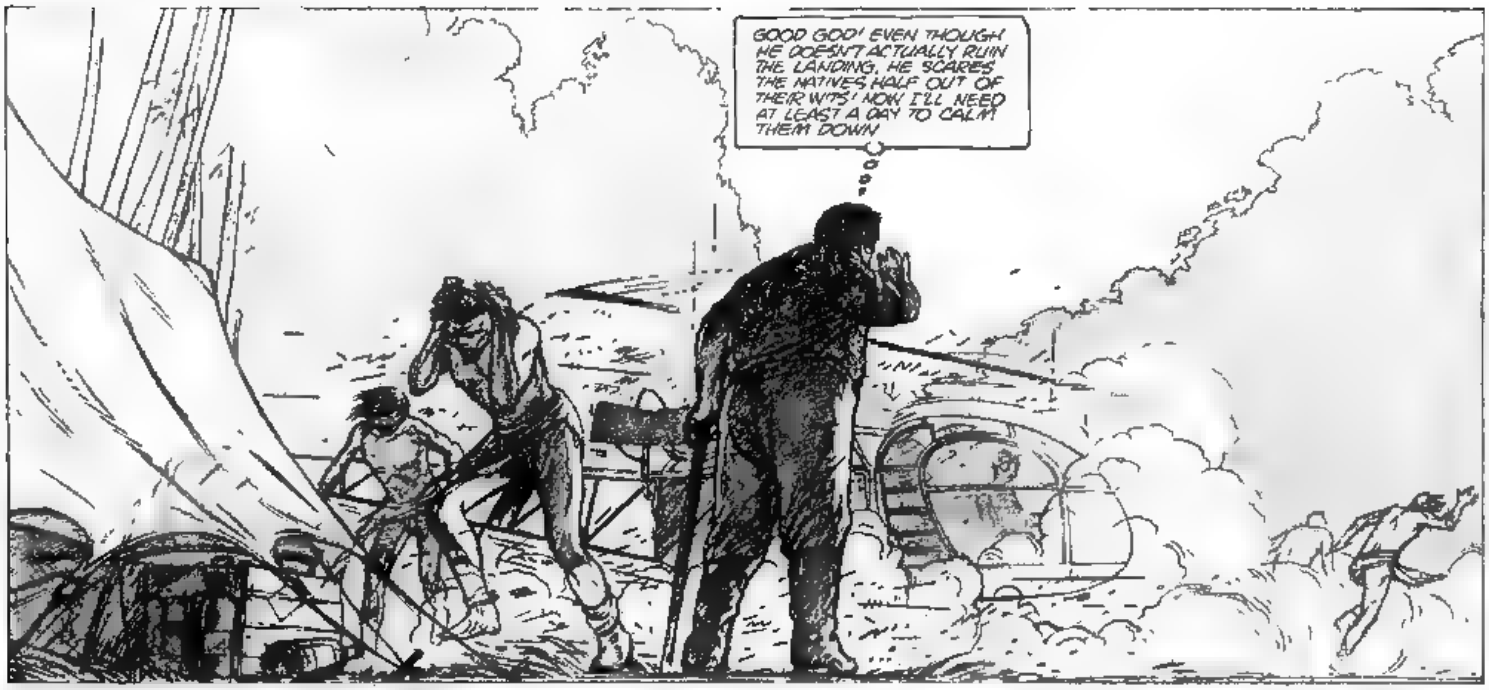
Total amount enclosed $_____


AT THE MIDDLE OF
CYMBIOLA
SUMMARY
THE HENFREY EXPEDITION IS ON ITS WAY- SEARCHING FOR THE GREAT PYRAMID!
GOOD GOD! ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE IT OR WHAT?
ASE CALLING ALOUETTE HELLO, COME IN, PLEASE ALOUETTE'S DOWN! OVER
OUT!
OKAY, ASE WE ARE RECEIVING YOU ON THE RIGHT FREQUENCY WHAT COURSE ARE YOU ON? ARE YOU FOLLOWING THE CORRECT COORDINATES? WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING ANYWAY?
LOOK YOU MAY TALK LIKE THAT IN YOUR NECK OF THE WOODS, BUT IN OUR COUNTRY WE PREFER A LITTLE MORE PATIENCE AND UNDERSTANDING!
HA HA, MY GOOD MAN! HOW'S IT GOING? BY THE WAY HAVE YOU FOUND THE MONEY TO PAY FOR THIS LITTLE ESCAPADE AND THE ACROBAT WHO IS GOING TO LAND ON THAT ROTTEN LITTLE PYRAMID OF YOURS
OH COME ON, CHARLIE STOP BEING SO UNREASONABLE! DO YOU HAVE THE MATERIAL OR WHAT?
AFFIRMATIVE, RACHA! WHAT WITH YOUR DOUGH AND THOSE FRIENDS OF YOURS IN HIGH PLACES I THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO GIVE YOU ENOUGH TO INVESTIGATE THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE


INCIDENTALLY, I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THAT WE ARE ADVANCING IN THE GREAT V FORMATION! I'M GIVING YOU A LITTLE OVER A MONTH TO BRING IN AN AVERAGE OF 120!
OH SHIT. YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING. IT'S OKAY FOR YOU, YOU'RE OFF SOON BUT WE HAVE TO WORK
WHAT OR DON WHO CARES? THAT'S NOT MY PROBLEM. TIGHTEN YOUR TENSION ROOS. I'M COMING
LAND LIKE A DEAD LEAF, MAN, AND DON'T WRECK MY HANDIWORK
RECEIVED, RACHA! OPERATION AUTUMN TO BEGIN IN FOUR OR FIVE MINUTES
THE MEN WHO HAD ORIGINALLY AGREED TO LEAD US TO THE LAST KNOWN INHABITED POINT TURNED BACK AND THE PURRING OF THEIR LAUNCHES WAS QUICKLY ABSORBED BY THE FOREST GREENERY. OUR TRIP REALLY BEGINS AT THE JUNCTION OF THE TWO RIVERS - BETTER KNOWN AS THE "MUSTY WATERS" - THE OFTEN VIOLENT CURRENT WAS BEEN KNOWN TO THROW BOATS TOWARD THE RIVERBANKS. THE FOREST LITERALLY SOAKS UP THE WATER, FORMING TWO IMPENETRABLE WALLS. THE JUNGLE IS A MATRIX OF ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL KINGDOMS, WHERE HORRORS AND MARVELS COMBAT. THE SWEET, YET OFTEN BITTER SMELL OF THE EARTH AFTER A RAINFALL, REIGNS


GOOD GOD! EVEN THOUGH HE DOESN'T ACTUALLY RUIN THE LANDING, HE SCARES THE NATIVES HALF OUT OF THEIR WITS! NOW I'LL NEED AT LEAST A DAY TO CALM THEM DOWN

EVERY LEAF, EVERY TREE, EVERY PLANT IS AN ODD AND MYSTERIOUS DOMAIN WHEREUPON MILLIONS OF INSECTS BATTLE. ONE SINGLE RULE IS MAINTAINED HERE: THE MEEK WILL MOST DEFINITELY NOT INHERIT THE EARTH. SINCE OUR SEPARATION FROM THE GUIDES, EVERYONE HAS PRETTY MUCH KEPT TO HIS OWN WORK. THE FEW WORDS THAT ARE EXCHANGED ARE TECHNICAL ONES.

ELISABETH MARRETT DIRECTS THE ANTHROPOLOGY RESEARCH LIBRARY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT.

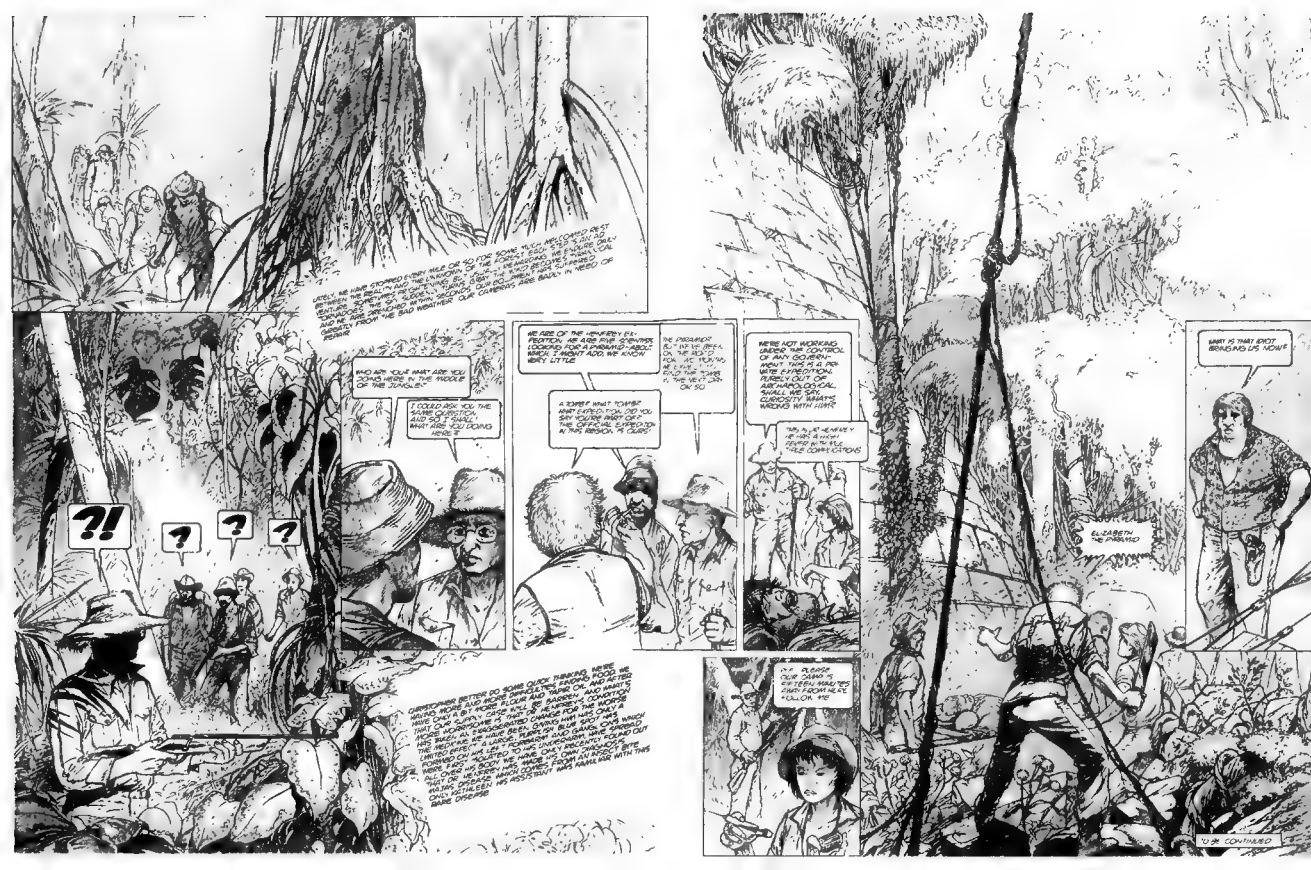
DOCTOR PETER HENFREY IS PROFESSOR OF SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY. HE IS FIFTY-THREE YEARS OLD AND HAS PUBLISHED SEVERAL WORKS ON THE FINAROS AND XIKRIN TRIBES AND A GENERAL STUDY ON THE POPULATIONS OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN LOWLANDS.

HUGO KATHLEEN IS THE ASSISTANT TO DR HENFREY AT THE UNIVERSITY. HE IS THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS OLD AND WAS BORN IN LOS CARAZES. HE IS HIGHLY PROFICIENT IN LINGUISTICS, HAVING MASTERED FIVE INDIAN DIALECTS.

DOCTOR JUNE LECLERC IS ATTACHED TO THE ARCHEOLOGY AND ART HISTORY LABORATORY AT THE SORBONNE IN PARIS.

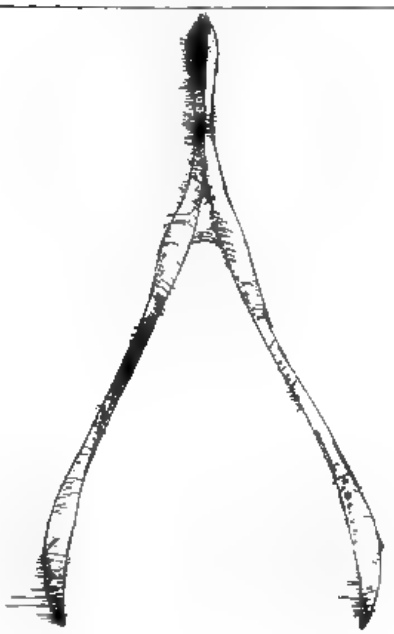
CHRISTOPHER MORRISON IS THE HEAD OF THE SOCIOLOGY AND ANTHROPOLOGY DEPARTMENTS AT LOMA LINDA UNIVERSITY IN CALIFORNIA. HE IS THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.

THIS IS A VERY IMPORTANT EXPEDITION AND, AS FAR AS WE KNOW, EVERY THING IS GOING SMOOTHLY SAVE THE "LOCH NESS" THE LARGEST STRUCTURE WE'VE RUN INTO WE FEEL IT WILL BE THE LAST BEFORE THE GREAT PYRAMID
ONLY THE SPORADIC TROPICA... VIDEO THAT MASS OF SLIDES... VINDICATED TO US THAT WE'D BE HERE ON THE RIGHT TRACK
CHRISTOW...
IF YOU ARE FINISHED FILMING FOR THE TIME BEING, WE MUST GET TO WORK ON A STRETCHER FOR DR HENDREY HE'S GOTTEN MUCH WORSE
IT WAS INEVITABLE UNDER THESE CONDITIONS
THERE WAS NOTHING FOR US TO DO, BUT TO CONTINUE ON THE NORTH NORTHEAST TRAIL IN ORDER TO FIND THE SITE FOR WHICH WE HAD LOOKED FOR THESE PAST FEW MONTHS. OH, THE GIZA PYRAMID HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN? TWO MONTHS, TWO YEARS, A CENTURY? IT SEEMS LIKE IT'S BEEN AN ETERNITY AND STILL THERE IS NO END IN SIGHT. FOR NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO GIVE US ANY INFORMATION TO BUILD ON. OUR ONLY MAINSTAY IS THE VARIOUS LEGENDS PROFFERED TO US BY LOCAL PROSPECTORS AND HOBBYISTS. THEY HAVE LED US TO SOME VALUABLE HUNTING GROUNDS AND WOODS, YES, ENABLING US TO... SOME KIND OF COMFORT HOWEVER PRIMITIVE IT WAS SEEM TO US NOW
RELAX, DOC... THE BEST CAN ONLY BE GOOD FOR YOU
COMPILING MYTHS AND LEGENDS, COMPARING FACTS WITH FOLKLORE AND A GENERAL CLOSE STUDY OF THE REGION HAS GIVEN US SOMETHING TO BASE OUR EXPEDITION ON
REALLY, MY FRIENDS, I'M NOT SO BAD OFF AS ALL THAT. I CAN WALK FOR A FEW MORE HOURS

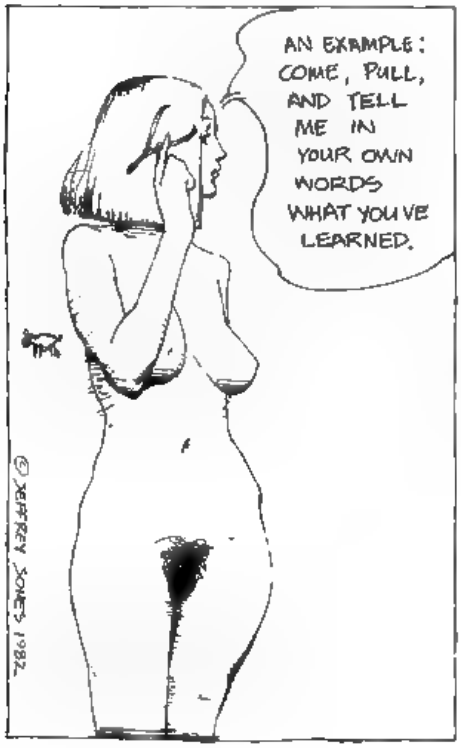

LATELY, WE HAVE STUMBLED EVERY MILE OR SO FOR SOME REASON, RESCHEDULED REST BETWEEN THE SHIFTS AND THEN WENT ON FOR SEVERAL HOURS. THE DAILY RAINS HAVE BEEN VERY HEAVY AND THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS ARE SLIPPERY AND DANGEROUS. ONE MULE SLIPPED AND FELL, BREAKING ITS LEG AND HAD TO BE SHOT. THE MEN ARE GRUMBLING ABOUT OUR CURRENT PACE AND WANT TO RETURN TO THE COAST AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. FROM THE BAD WEATHER OUR CLOTHING AND BAGGAGE ARE BADLY IN NEED OF REPAIR.
?!
?
?
?
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE JUNGLE?
I DIDN'T ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION. AND SO I SHALL. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WE ARE OF THE HEMPERLY EXPEDITION. WE ARE FIVE SCIENTISTS LOOKING FOR A PREHISTORIC ANIMAL. I MIGHT ADD, WE KNOW VERY LITTLE.
THE PREHISTORIC IS? WE'VE BEEN ON THE MOVE FOR AT YOUNG, WE LOST A PORTER, WE'VE EXHAUSTED OUR SUPPLIES, OUR CLOTHING IS RUINED AND WE'RE ALL SICK. SHALL WE SAY OUR EXPEDITION HAS BEEN A VERY UNSUCCESSFUL ONE SO FAR?
A SCIENTIST? WHAT SCIENTIST WANT EXPEDITION? DID YOU SAY YOUNG? WHAT KIND OF A NAME IS THAT? THE OFFICIAL SUPERVISOR IN THIS REGION IS A CLIENT.
WE'RE NOT WORKING UNDER THE AUSPICES OF ANY GOVERNMENT. WE'RE A PRIVATE EXPEDITION, FUNDED BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. WE HAVE CREDENTIALS PROVING WHO WE ARE WITH HIM?
OH, A PRIVATE EXPEDITION? WE DON'T ALLOW THOSE KIND OF EXPEDITIONS IN THIS REGION. WE HAVE A LICENSE WITH THE GOVERNMENT AND ONLY THEY CAN GIVE PERMISSION FOR EXPEDITIONS.
I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE. WE'LL ESCORT YOU BACK TO THE COAST.
I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T DO THAT. WE'VE COME TOO FAR AND SPENT TOO MUCH TIME AND MONEY TO GIVE UP NOW. WE'RE GOING ON.
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO. WE'VE BEEN GIVEN STRICT ORDERS TO ESCORT ANY EXPEDITIONS WE FIND BACK TO THE COAST. WE'LL BE GLAD TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES, BUT YOU'RE LEAVING.
I'M AFRAID WE'RE GOING ON

I'M AGE

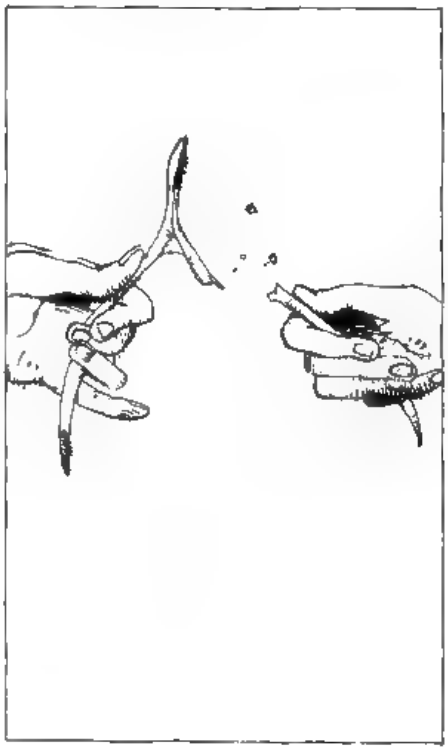
© J JONES 1982

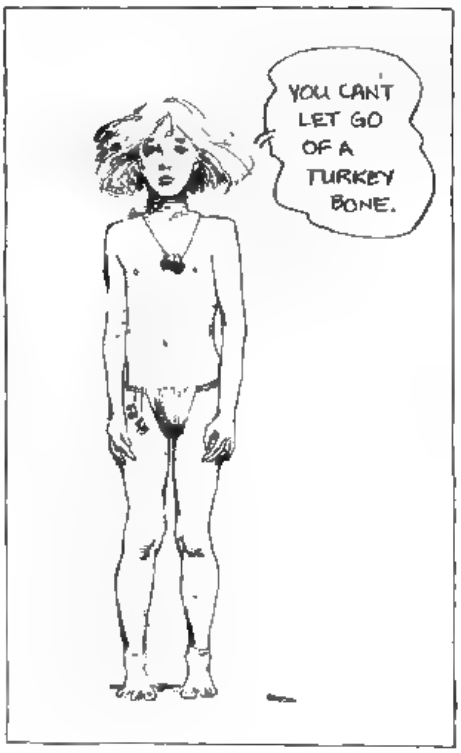


ONE OF THE EARLIEST LESSONS LEARNED AND TAUGHT WAS THAT IF YOU PULL AWAY FORCEFULLY FROM SOMETHING IN LIFE, YOU EITHER TAKE MORE WITH YOU OR YOU LEAVE MORE BEHIND THAN IF YOU JUST WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE RELEASED.

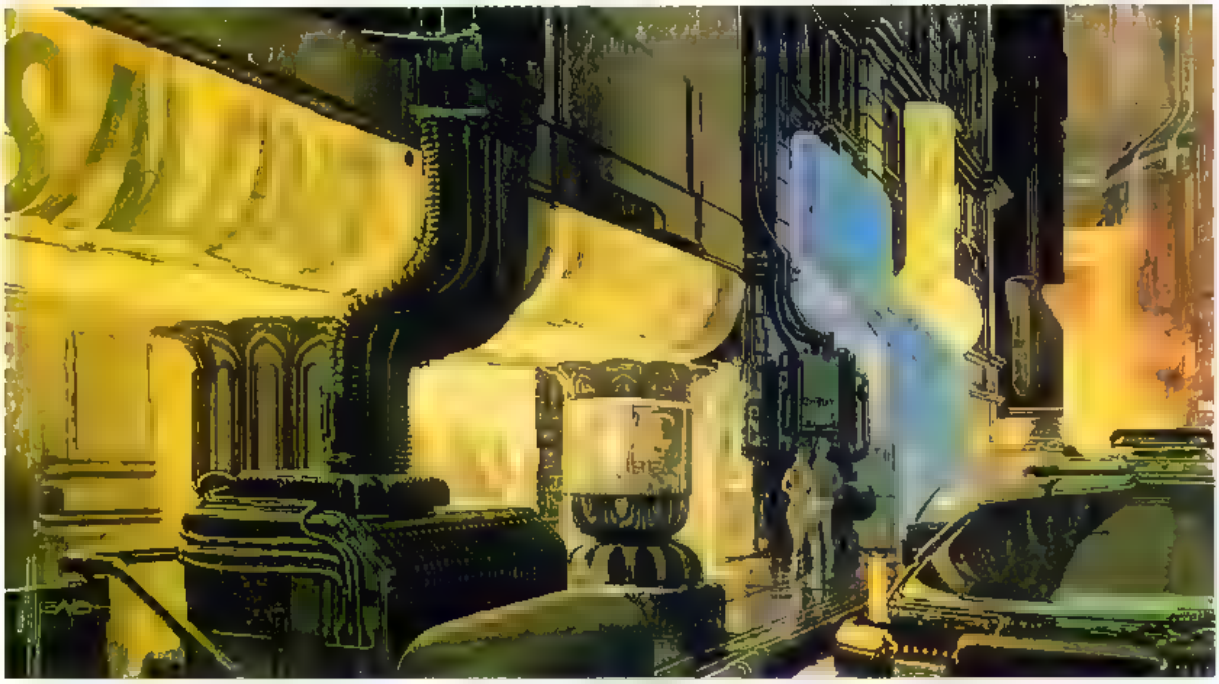


© JEFFREY JONES 1982





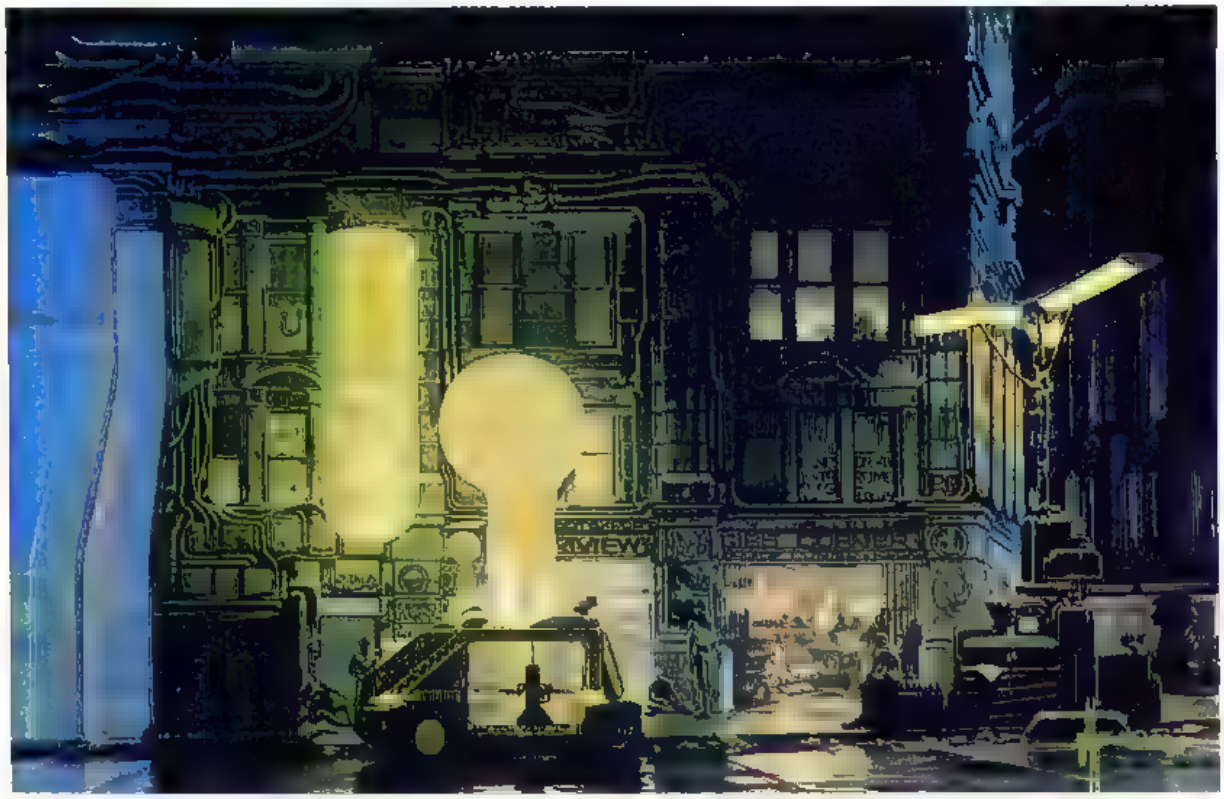
Futuropolis



Production paintings by Syd Mead of two city streets from *Blade Runner*.

BLADE RUNNER

THIS IS THE CITY



Although Mead was originally asked to design just vehicles for the film, his subsequent work included not only the vehicles, but the street environment as well. After Ridley Scott saw the initial paintings, he had Syd elaborate on the designs of the entire cityscape and urban lifestyle.

Harrison Ford as Deckard—a hard-boiled detective of the year 2019 whose specialty is tracking down renegade replicants (genetically engineered people) who have infiltrated the city.

THERE ARE 106,000,000 STORIES IN THIS NAKED CITY— AND BLADE RUNNER IS ONE OF THEM.

If you're still in the dark, *Blade Runner* is this coming summer's main contender. Based on the late Philip K. Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, directed by Ridley Scott (*Alien*), with production art by Syd Mead (*Sentinel*), special effects by Douglas Trumbull (*CE3K, 2001*), and starring Harrison Ford.

Ford plays Rick Deckard, an ex-police detective, late of the Rep Detect Division—street moniker, Blade Runner. Before he quit, Deckard was the top Blade Runner in the city, charged with the highly sensitive task of tracking down and eliminating escaped replicants—manufactured people you can't distinguish from the real thing. These genetically engineered "humans" were developed for combat and space colonization—man-made labor, they like to call them—but occasionally some manage to get back down to Earth. The problem is, they got no feelings, no remorse, no guilt. They'll do anything to stay free, and that's why the Blade Runners were formed. They're the only cops trained to tell the difference between reps and real people.

Harrison Ford and director Ridley Scott

Photographs by **Steve Vaughn**

Deckard and police Lt. Gaff (Edward Olmos—*Zoot Suit* and *Wolfen*) in the Spinner cockpit.

Blade Runner is not just another hardware movie. It's not one of those gadget-filled pictures where the actors are there only to give scale to the sets and special effects.

Blade Runner takes place about forty years from now in a major American megalopolis that looks like one of today's cities gone mad. All the street signs are in several languages, the parking meters give off lethal jolts if tampered with, the phone booths have tv's and so do the traffic intersections. Most animals are extinct, but you can buy artificial pets down at Anamoid Row (if you got the bucks) and the only fresh meat is fish—the age of junk-food sushi. The sky is yellow with poisonous pollution and the acid-rainfall is constant. The cars and buildings are fitted with whatever it takes to keep them in working order; but decent folks don't live below forty stories—most fashionable apartment buildings climb up to 400 floors. And if you're a cop or some high-society politico, you get to drive a Spinner, the state-of-the-art flying car, capable of vertical lift-off, hovering, normal street driving and soaring through the canyons of the city and on out to the industrial wastelands surrounding it.

Production painting by Syd Mead of interior cockpit of Spinner in flight showing another spinner and various vid-screen read-outs

Full-scale Spinner lifting off from the midst of a virtual "Times Square of the future" where a climatic chase scene takes place

"The sort of future romanticism," Syd Mead admits, "that satisfies a desperate longing to do certain things. Like when you're sitting in a traffic jam for two hours on the Santa Ana Freeway and you wish you could just lift your car off the ground and zip away . . . fantasy wish fulfillment. It also gives whoever's driving the car, whether it's the hero or villain, an advantage that's tremendously exciting."

But, veteran industrial designer Mead notes, "*Blade Runner* is not just another hardware movie. It's not one of those gadget-filled pictures where the actors are there only to give scale to the sets and special effects. We've created an environment to make a story believable. The machinery and effects appear only when needed and fit tightly into the plot."

Ridley Scott also insisted on a "familiar atmosphere, a Sam Spade-type environment. While this story takes place some forty years hence, it's being made in a style reminiscent of forty years ago."

The architectural look of the city is based on the principle that eventually it will become too cumbersome and expensive to tear down old buildings and erect new ones. Mead explains, "The overall visual idea was a society where the normal supplies had broken down. Life had be-

Blade Runner takes place about forty years from now in a major American megalopolis that looks like one of today's cities gone mad.

Top. Deckard tries to locate a suspect from atop Syd Mead's taxi of the future.

Bottom Deckard in a rooftop chase, several hundred stories above the street.

come very difficult—mechanical fixtures, automobiles, buildings—the whole urban plant had become like a trap. Starting with cleanly designed concepts, we layered on details, fixtures, repairs, and extra equipment to achieve this accumulated fix-it-because-it-won't-run-and-it-has-to-run visual flavor."

Ridley Scott elaborates, "Think of New York or Chicago right now, how impossible it is to actually maintain many of the buildings. Think how expensive it would be to tear down the Empire State Building. Eventually they'll just have to 'retro-fit' things on the face of buildings instead of being able to rebuild or renovate."

"And the street level will become like the sewers or underside of the city," Syd Mead continues. "Being trapped on the street will be a thoroughly nasty way to spend your life. The streets will be nothing more than a service access to the city's mega-structures, and those who can't afford to move up will simply be forced to live in this left-over society."

Another streetcar by Syd Mead. The pillars are a recurring architectural image, as is the second-story level of boutique display windows.

However, all these dire depictions aside, Scott insists that *Blade Runner* is not doom saying. "This film is very simply a thriller set in slightly futuristic terms," he says. "It's not a warning in any sense."

As Syd Mead likes to point out after painting this bleak picture, "I think life forty years from now will be fabulous. Over 90 percent of all the scientists who ever lived are alive right now. Our technology is able to process information and construct alternatives faster than ever. If we let technology do what it's supposed to do, I think we'll go back to a very humanistic, personal-scale lifestyle that's nice enough so you can think about other things than just survival."

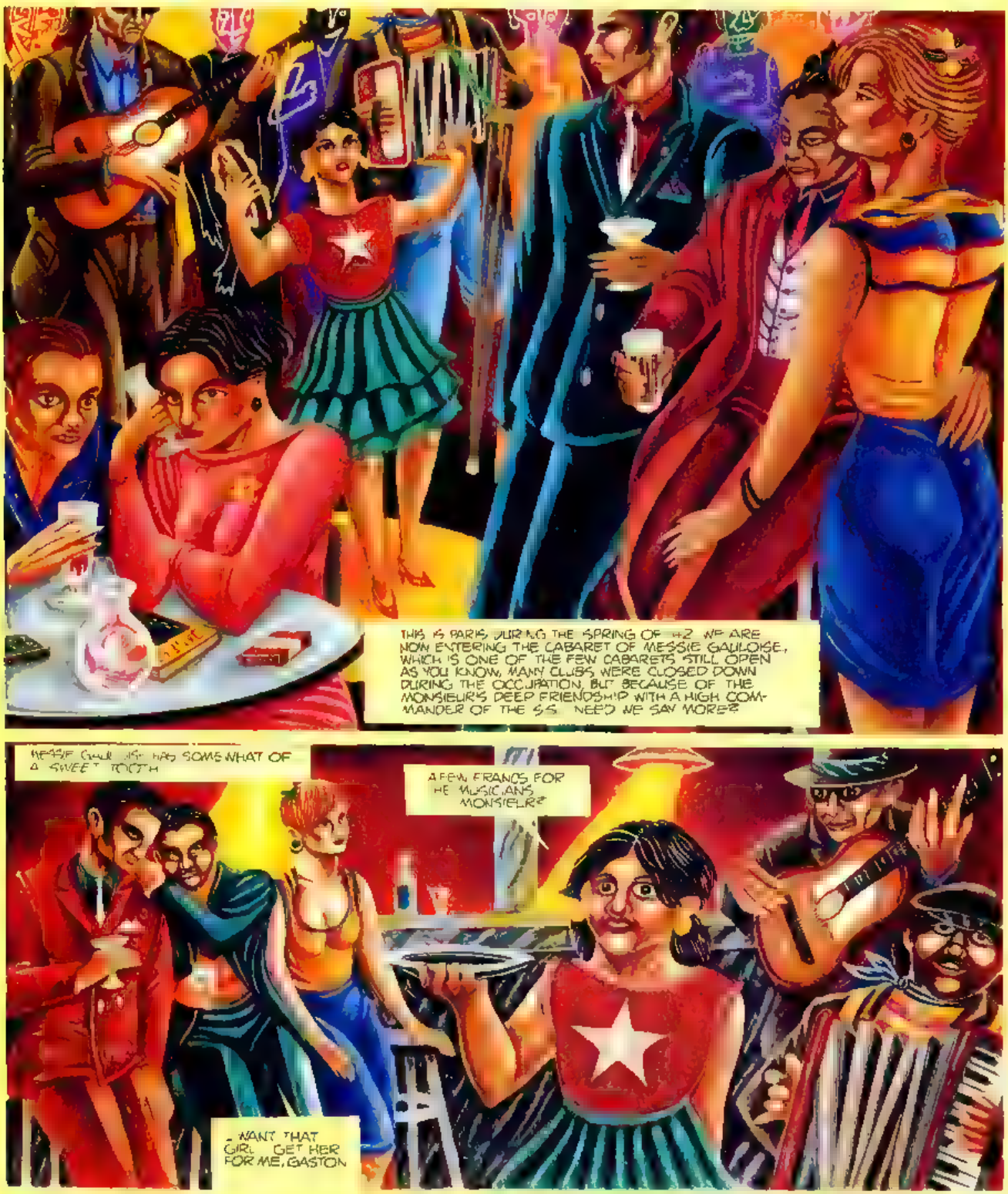
And in creating the first hard boiled, science-fiction detective suspense thriller, Ridley Scott assures us that *Blade Runner* is "meant to be good fun, a kind of comic strip. The films that have fascinated me most over the last few years are those that have derived from comic strips and some of the great comic strips have been the first to spot emerging truths and enlarge upon them. That's the direction I've chosen to go in with my films . . lots of broad strokes, fast, bold action, and very colorful characters."

Claude Rathbone

Zhora (Joanna Cassidy), a suspected replicant, tries to elude Deckard in the teeming streets. Note that in this view of the future, Atari continues to thrive.

LITTLE STAR IN NEW YORK

BY CEESEPE


THIS IS PARIS, DURING THE SPRING OF '42. WE ARE NOW ENTERING THE CABARET OF MESSIE GAULOISE, WHICH IS ONE OF THE FEW CABARETS STILL OPEN AS YOU KNOW, MANY CLUBS WERE CLOSED DOWN DURING THE OCCUPATION. BUT BECAUSE OF THE MONSIEUR'S DEEP FRIENDSHIP WITH A HIGH COMMANDER OF THE S.S. NEED WE SAY MORE?
MESSIE GAULOISE HAS SOMEWHAT OF A SWEET TOOTH
A FEW FRANCS FOR THE MUSICIANS, MONSIEUR?
I WANT THAT GIRL. GET HER FOR ME, GASTON

LET'S GO NOW, MY LITTLE STAR
LADIES AND GENTS TONIGHT FOR YOUR ULTIMATE ENJOYMENT THE PRINCESS KATJA FROM CAIRO AND THE GREAT CHOCOLATE
ONE DAY I'LL DANCE AS WELL AS THE PRINCESS
I BET YOU WILL AND YOU'LL BE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN ALL OF PARIS

DO YOU NOTICE THE LITTLE GYPSY WITH THE TAMBOURINE NOW THAT'S A TRUE BEAUTY!
WHAT'S GASTON DOING IN THE KIDS
DON'T KNOW -LET'S GET OUT OF HERE
LET GO OF ME YOU YOU CREEP
MY LITTLE GIRL THEY'VE TAKEN MY LITTLE GIRL
MY DEAR CHOCOLATE DON'T GET US MIXED UP IN THIS
UGH THAT PIG GAULOISE HAS GONE BACK TO HIS OLD TRICKS
BUT THIS TIME I'M NOT GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT
WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

YOU'RE FIRED FROM MY CAB ARE! AND I PROMISE YOU YOU'LL BE BLACKLISTED ALL OVER THIS TOWN!
RINNG
COMMANDER? GAULOISE HERE. I JUST WANTED TO INFORM YOU OF A NEGRO SPY HE LIVES ON THE BOULEVARD!
THAT NIGHT, CHOCOLATE THREW A PARTY IN ORDER TO FORGET THE DISGRACEFUL EVENING
THE EXECUTION SERVICE OF THE SS IS QUICK TO ACT!

KATIA AND LITTLE STAR ARE INTERROGATED BY AN OBSCENE NAZI CAPTAIN
...TTLE BUNDLE
OMORROW THE WHOLE SS ARMY WILL BE LOOKING FOR US
WE'LL HAVE TO FLEE ROM PARIS
MAYBE PABLO WILL BE ABLE TO HELP US OUT
HOW ARE YOU PABLO?
KATIA HOW GOOD T IS TO SEE YOU!
PICASSO IS PAINTING THE PORTRAIT OF MADAME OLKA JELE

KATIA TOLD HIM WHAT HAPPENED
YES, I TOO, AM HANGING. SHALL WE SAY POLITICAL PROBLEMS
I'LL ESCAPE WITH YOU
WE'LL FLEE TO NEW YORK
PICASSO SUGGESTED THAT THEY DISGUISE THEMSELVES IN CUBIST COSTUMES IN ORDER TO FLEE UNNOTICED THROUGH THE SPRING FESTIVITIES
A BOAT SWAITING FOR US AT THE PORT OF LE HAVRE
Capuchin
THE KING THE KING
GIRLS WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE WE MUST GO NOW

AT THE PORT
I CONGRATU-
LATE YOU ON
YOUR STUPEN-
DOUS COSTUMES,
MONSIEUR
PICASSO
AND ON THAT HOT SPRING
NIGHT THE BOAT OF CAPTAIN
MORERA RUMBOU LEFT FOR
NEW YORK

A HISTORY OF AMERICA

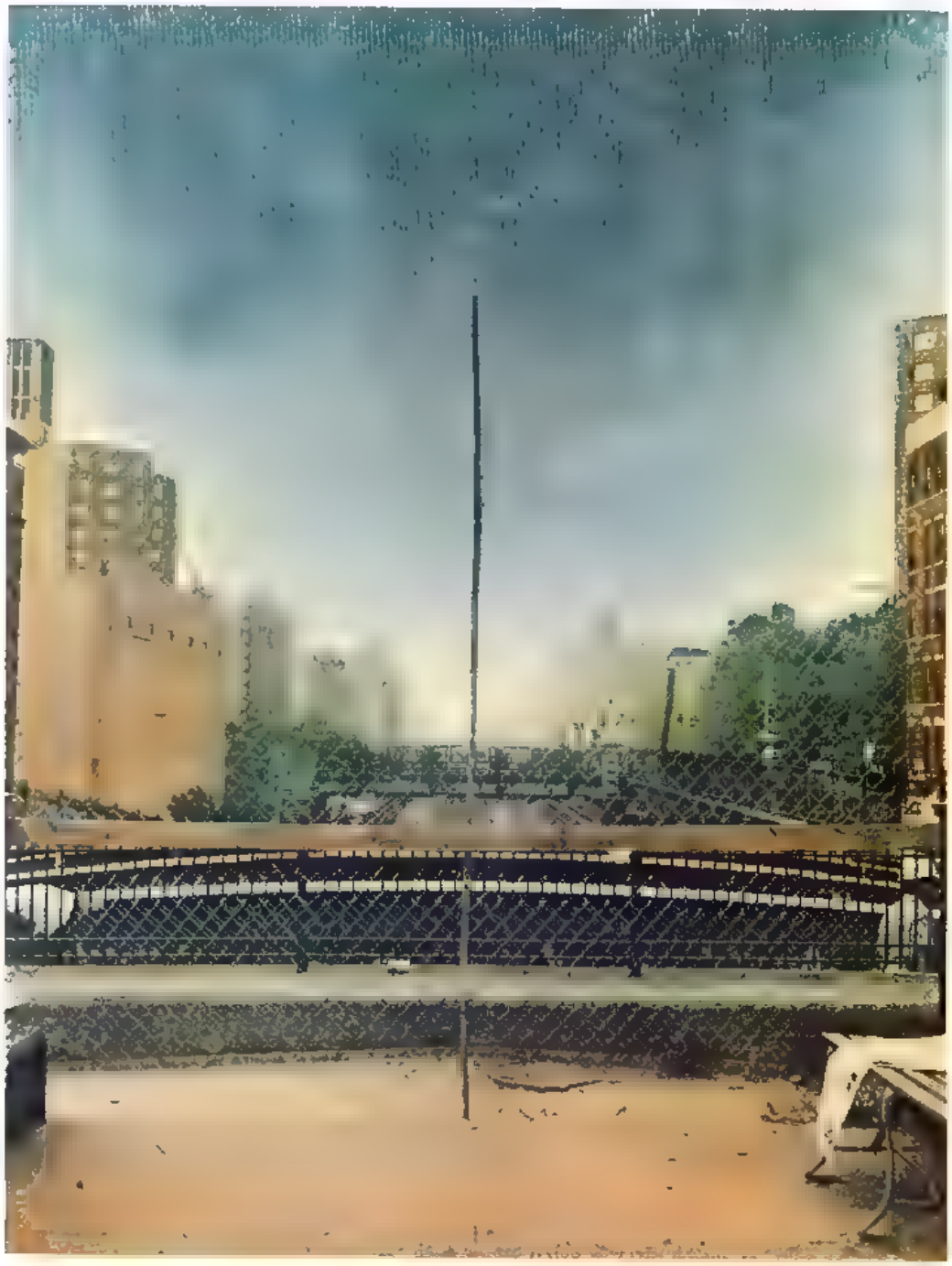
BY R. CRUMB

The Messerschmitt Attack

by Anthony Scibelli

It was a long walk home past Hell Gate Station. A long night followed by the myriad rumblings and oscillating voices of a city waking. Northern lights animated the vaporous river--a ghostly barge blinked its vague outlines in the serpentine mist. The edges of the city melted away under the leaden sky. It was like a false dawn, but the invisible rooftops and the uncertain river with its phantom lights and sputtering diesels accentuated the permanence of the city. Spreading wings harnessed the rooftops and river as the voluminous roar of a throttled engine sheers the sky. It was the first Messerschmitt 109, pride of the Condor Legion, diving out of the clouds. A lovely airplane...

My Messerschmitt, my auger of dawn and usher of night, comes to my ears and the pit of my stomach like clockwork. I breathe ever so softly, waiting for the great ribbed wings to land.



June 11

Shit! I've got to do something about this. This can't be for real! I saw one that morning and another appeared at 5:20 PM--sharp, as I knew it would. They always descend upon me, and they're always so god-damned loud! They're not just mirages, and they can't be figments of my imagination! Could they be seizures or fits of some kind? I just can't understand it!

Actually, there is something I like about it. Ahhh...Messerschmitts in flight. The sky changes...it shifts about...almost as if it envelops the clouds. I guess it's not that bad after all...but I should check it out...tell someone about it...but who?

July 11

She and I met this afternoon during one of the attacks. Actually, it was pretty funny. When she saw the plane...and she saw my plane, she began to scream, but couldn't move--not a muscle! Everyone was looking at us (well really, only one or two people) but they couldn't see the plane...just she and I. Apparently, that wasn't her first attack; there had been at least five others. I had never met anyone else who had experienced one before. She told me that she and her husband had both seen the flying "demons."

They were together once in the park and an American P40 flew over them. Apparently, it really freaked her out. He convinced her that the planes could only hurt them if they let 'em.

We said we'd keep in touch. He told me that they had married soon after they had discovered their mutual problem. Now tell me, dear diary, do you think this is a good basis for marriage? I figured why not...it was a startling coincidence. Personally, I think he was a bit jealous that she shared in my Messerschmitt experience...but he didn't let on.

August 11

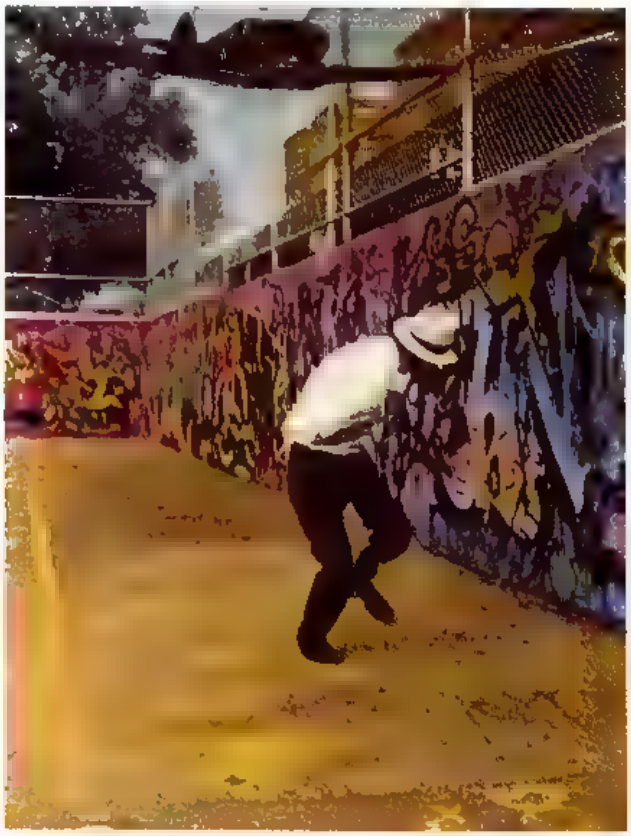
That couple I told you about separated last week. Seems the attacks had become more frequent, and she couldn't handle it. He advised her to take her life. What a prick!

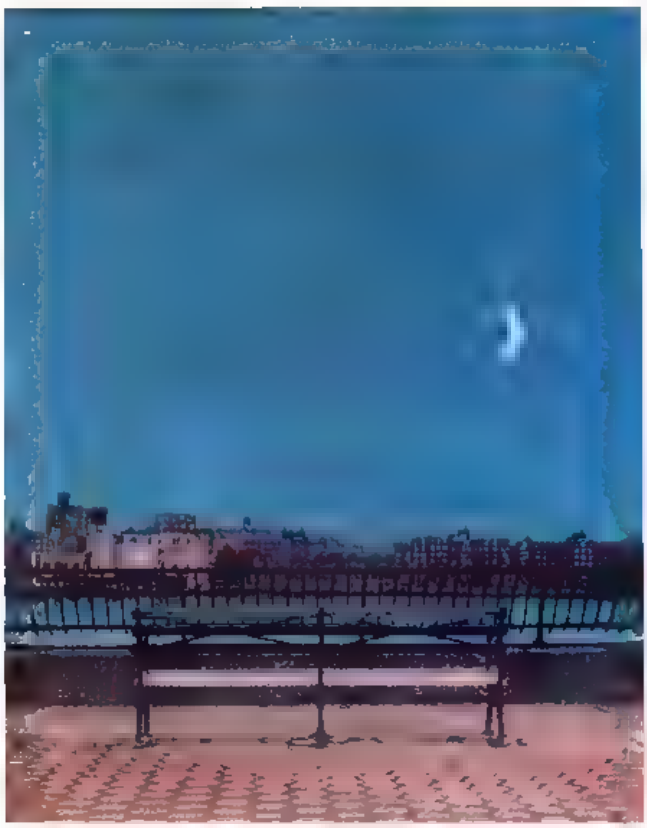
I met a little girl at the beach the other day. We've been spending a lot of time together. She reminds me of my little sister. She too has these "nightmares." She said they aren't very loud--they just putter above her. Funny, they don't dive straight at her either... they seem to be a bit more considerate with her...almost as if they sense that she is terribly young and probably couldn't handle the intensity that I endure. She pinches herself, just as I do, to see if she could possibly be dreaming. She said she hasn't told a soul about them but me. I wonder if those who experience this have a sixth sense of some sort. They know who to confide in, and who not to.

September 11

The strangest thing happened to me this morning. I saw a Messerschmitt that wasn't mine! It was as if it was looking for someone, but not me. When I turned the block, I saw a guy running terribly fast, as if the plane was attached to him by a piece of string. I recognized him from an old neighborhood hangout, but couldn't recall his name. Within moments, he was down. It was incredible... something I'll never forget...the plane actually killed him. What an awful way to go--but one saving grace was that it obviously was a very quick demise. He didn't even have time to scream.

At this point, I don't know which way to turn. I didn't think these things could kill. Something has got to be done, but who could I tell? And if I told the world, would anyone listen?





The Messerschmitt Syndrome

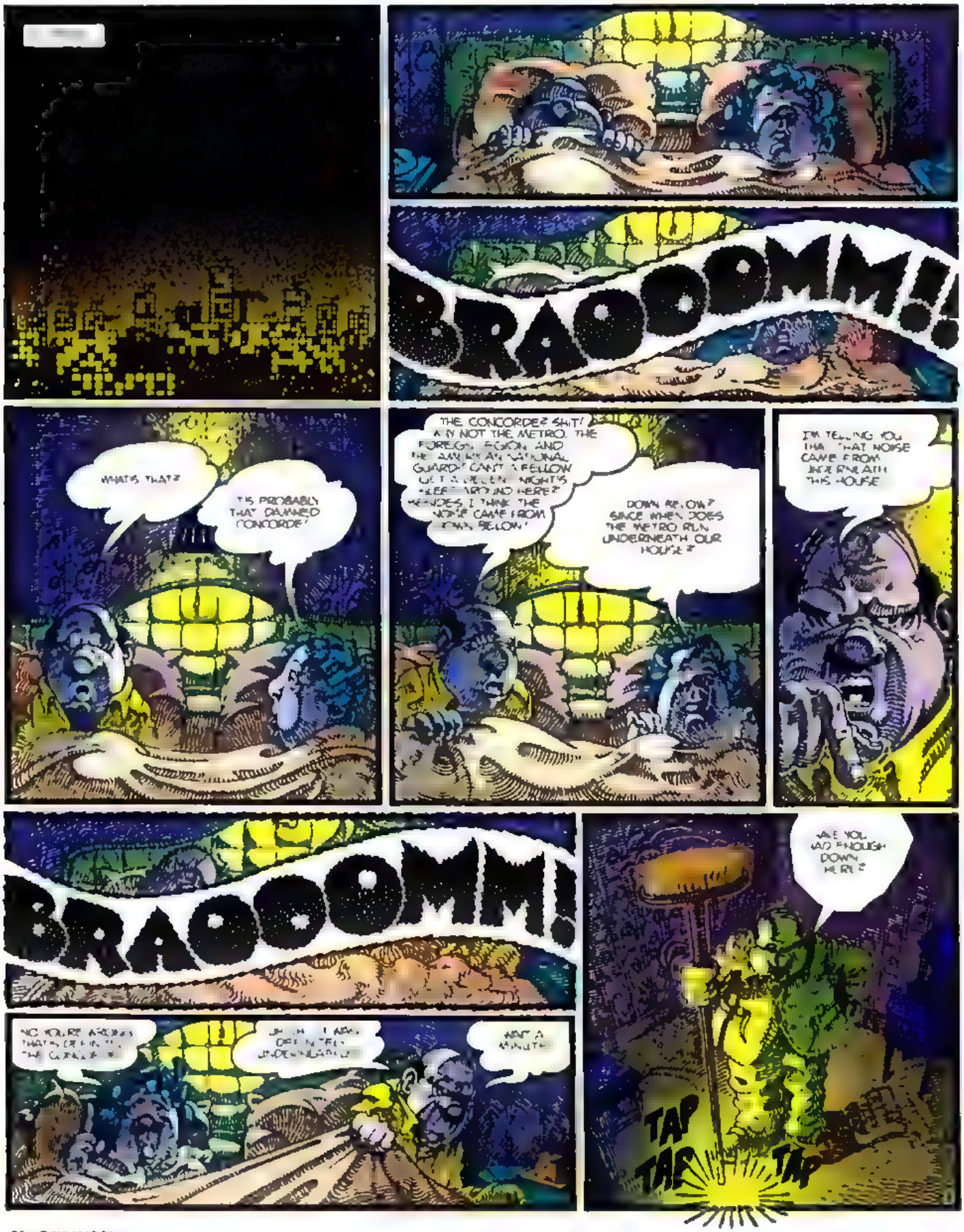
Observation of subjects proceeds with secondary introduction of control group. Apparent behavioral patterns: subjects were isolated and targeted at periodic intervals. Target group integrity variable. Correlative data qualified. Qualifications:

Known: Two individuals believed to have exhibited said symptoms, terminated within 142 hours of one another. Subjects--white Americans, under thirty, one urban male and one suburban female. Traced symptoms of psychotic manifestations include dehydration, disorientation to time and place, dizziness, ending with death. Untreated condition leading to gross metastasis. Two victims observed shared single idea: a loud airplane can harm them.

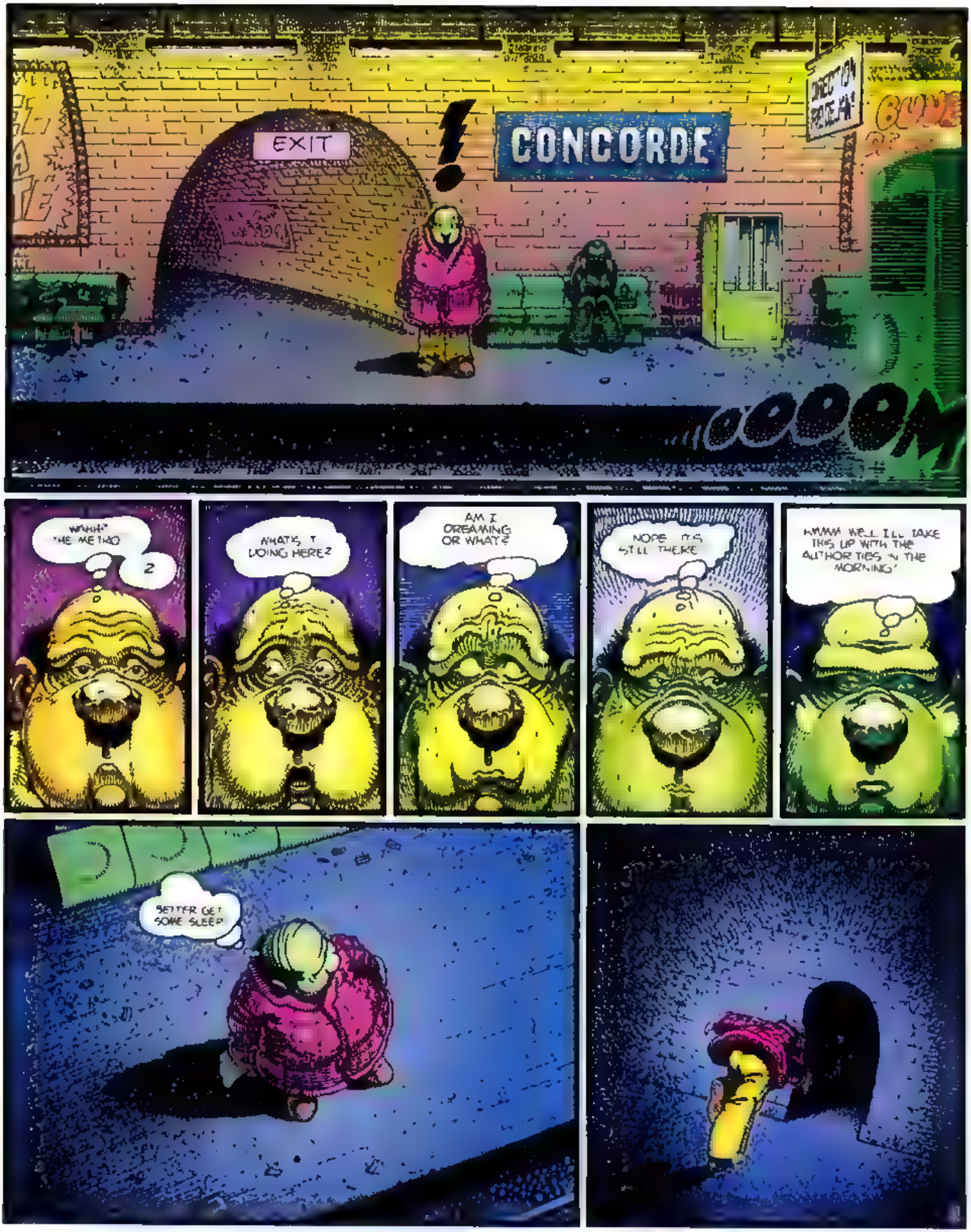
Unknown: Extent of awareness of general population unknown. Evidence of psychotropic substance is possible, but unavailable at this time. Evidence of mass hysteria unknown. The self pinch reflex and aesthetic arrest have no known precedent in medical history. No data on possibility of subjects receipt of treatment for depression and/or drug abuse.

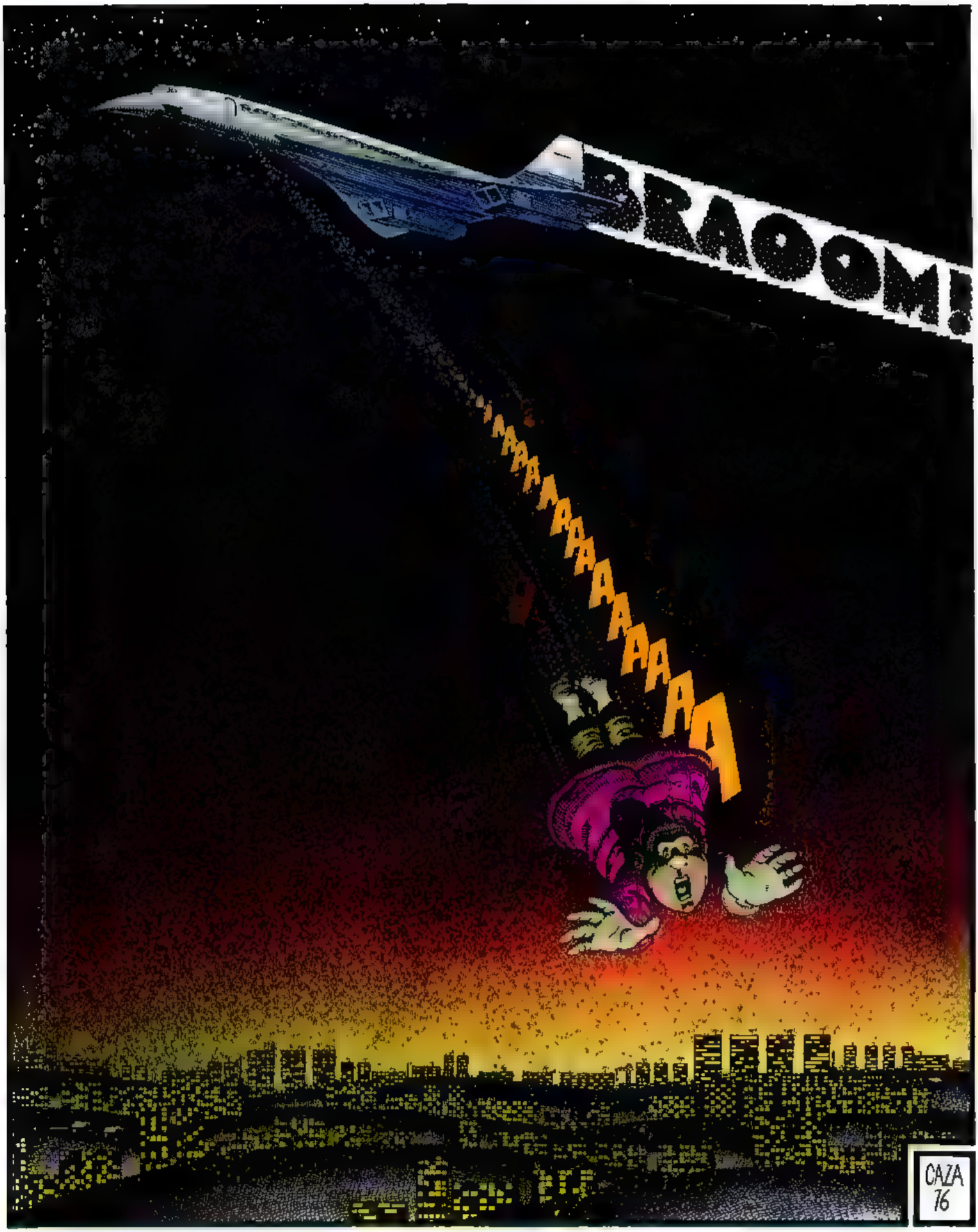
Additional information unavailable at this time.

Concorde


BRAOOOMM!!
WHAT'S THAT?
'TIS PROBABLY THAT DAMNED CONCORDE!
THE CONCORDE? SHIT! AIN'T NOT THE METRO, THE FOREIGN LEGION AND THE DAMN NY NATIONAL GUARD CAN'T A FELLOW GET A DECENT NIGHT'S SLEEP AROUND HERE?
MEANDERS, I THINK THE NOISE CAME FROM DOWN BELOW!
DOWN BELOW? SINCE WHEN DOES THE METRO RUN UNDERNEATH OUR HOUSE?
I'M TELLING YOU THAT NOISE CAME FROM BENEATH THIS HOUSE
BRAOOOMM!
NO YOU'RE AWAKE! THAT'S BECAUSE THE CONCORDE
JESUS, I HAVE DEFINITELY UNDERSLEPT
JUST A MINUTE
HAVE YOU HAD ENOUGH DOWN HERE?
TAP
TAP
TAP

SEE I TOLD YOU
BOY DO I FEEL SEEDY THIS MORNING
NO WONDER WHAT A NIGHT LAST NIGHT
I HOPE THINGS WILL BE A BIT MORE CALM TONIGHT
BRAOOOMM!
OH NO THEY'RE STARTING UP AGAIN
I'VE HAD IT
I'M
HERE
AND GIVE THEM A PIECE OF MY MIND
THEY ARE
HOW I FEEL ABOUT THIS
BRAOOO

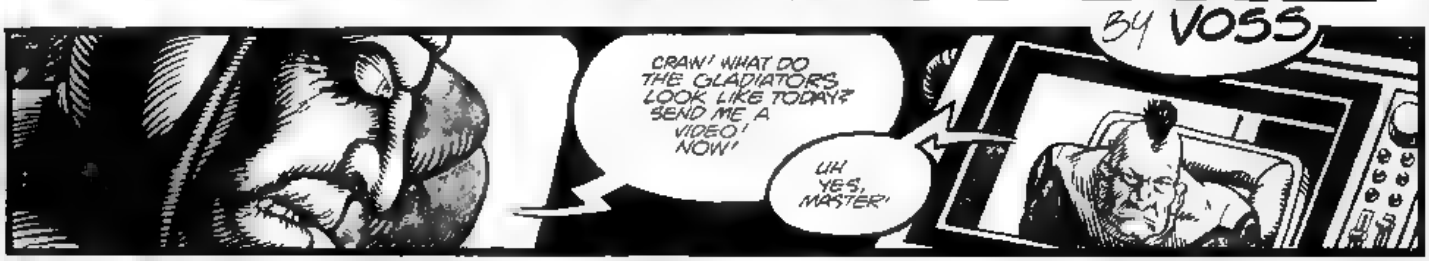

EXIT
CONCORDE
DIRECTION PEDESTRIANS
BOOM
WHAT? THE METRO
WHAT'S I DOING HERE?
AM I DREAMING OR WHAT?
NOPE IT'S STILL THERE
HMMM WELL I'LL TAKE THIS UP WITH THE AUTHORITIES IN THE MORNING
BETTER GET SOME SLEEP


BRAOOM!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAA
CAZA
76

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING THERE LINEO? NEW DEMONSTRATIONS? IN SECTOR 1128? DO YOU REALIZE THE CONSEQUENCES WHAT THIS CAN DO TO PRODUCTIVITY? WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING BEFORE THIS CHAOS CONTAMINATES THE NEIGHBORING SECTORS!
YES, MASTER IMMEDIATELY!
I'M GOING TO CALL FOR

THE GLADIATORS

BY VOSS



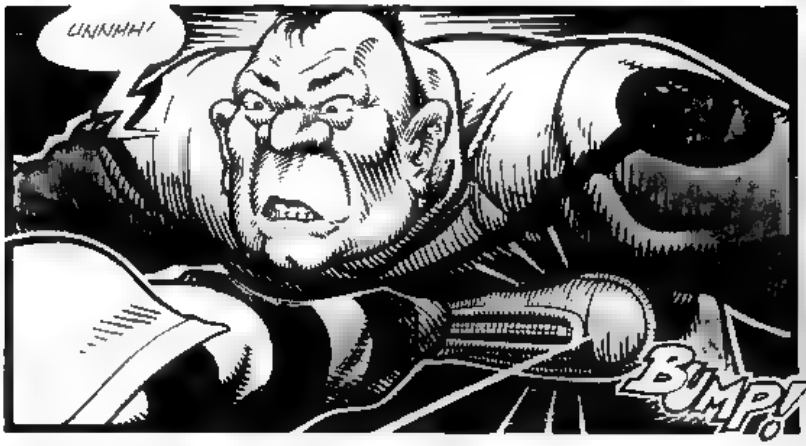
THE 215TH GROUP WITH THAT NAME IS COMPOSED OF RAT'S PUDDING (BASS), ERO (GUITAR, VOCALS) ELLY ODITAL (DRUMS), AND TEDDY FEEBLE MINDED (BASS) VETERANS ERO AND ELLY HAVE ALREADY PARTICIPATED IN FOUR PREVIOUS "CONCERTS."

ERO MET ELLY A FEW MONTHS AGO IN THE "CREATURE'S CAGE" OF A CRSS WAGON
VP 17
CRSS
V17
MY NAME IS ERO. AND YOURS ?
AT THE STATION
BOT!
WE BROUGHT YOU A PAIR OF TROUBLE MAKERS!
CRSS
THE WHITE KID HASN'T BEEN AT THE FACTORY FOR THREE DAYS. THE BLIND ONE INJECTED HIMSELF WITH A NON REGULATION DOSE OF XTC-78!
THAT'LL BE ALL. WE HAVE WHAT IS NECESSARY FOR THESE GOOD FOR-NOTHINGS!

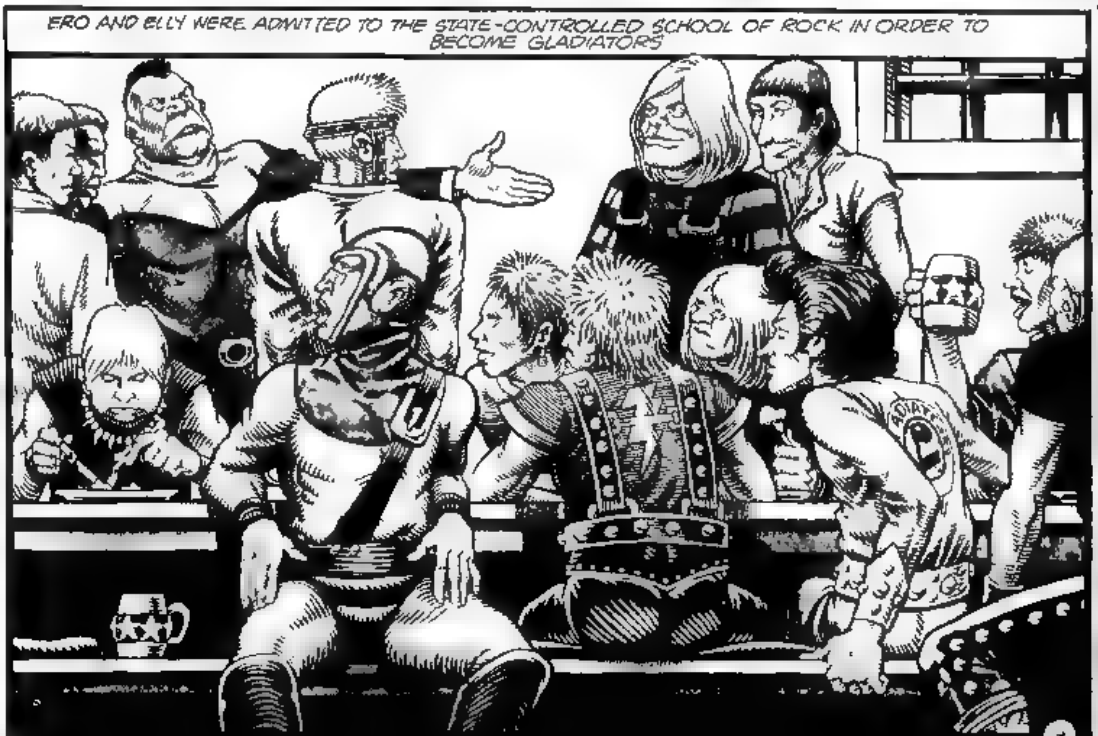
ONE WEEK LATER
WHAT A SAD SIGHT YOU ARE YOUNG MEN I CAN TELL YOU NOW YOU HAVE NO FUTURE UNLESS
HMM ACCORDING TO YOUR RECORDS, YOU ARE BOTH GIFTED WITH MUSICAL ABILITIES COME CLOSER
SIGN THESE CONTRACTS AND EVERYTHING CAN CHANGE FOR YOU
WHAT IS IT ERO?
A FEW HOURS AFTER SIGNING THE CONTRACTS THEY WERE WHISKED AWAY FROM THE CITY
I'D RATHER DIE THAN RETURN TO THE FACTORY!
WHERE ARE WE GOING, ERO?
STOP
EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER YOUR ESCORT IS WAITING

HELLO, CRAW. I BROUGHT YOU TWO "VOLUNTEERS."
A SHRIMP AND A BLIND MAN? AND YOU WANT TO MAKE GLADIATORS OUT OF THEM?

I'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THESE CRETINS!

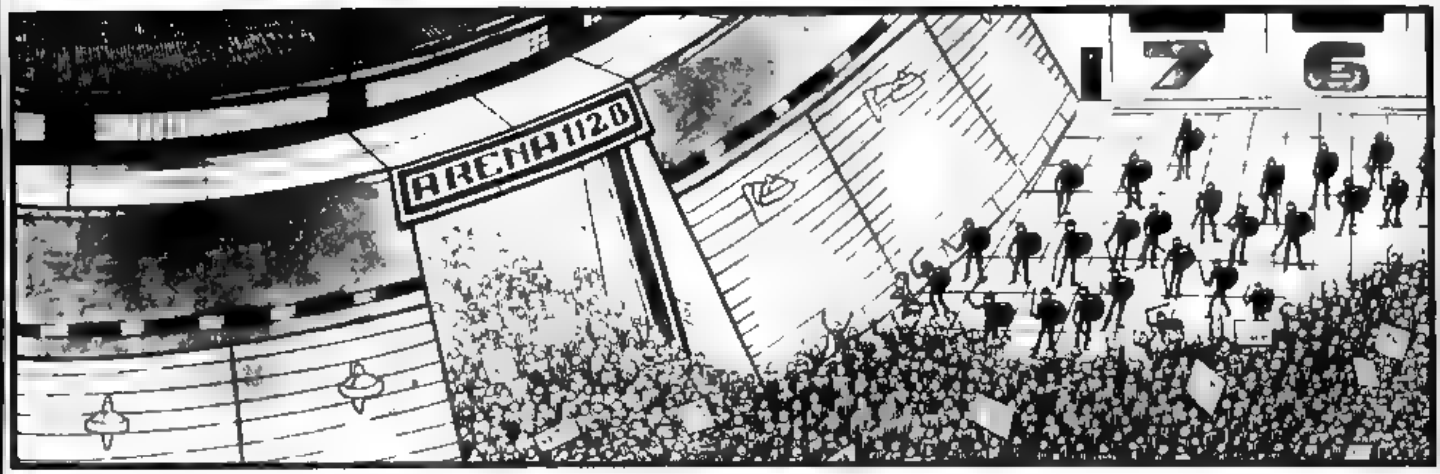

UNNHH!
BUMP!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU, DUMBO!
EXCELLENT REFLEXES! HEH


ERO AND ELLY WERE ADMITTED TO THE STATE-CONTROLLED SCHOOL OF ROCK IN ORDER TO BECOME GLADIATORS

LET'S RETURN TO THE PRESENT AND THE DEMONSTRATIONS WHICH TROUBLE THE SOCIAL ORDER OF THE FACTORY-CITY
DOWN WITH THE FACTORY!
NO MORE SLAVERY!
WE WANT FREEDOM
FREEDOM!
THE INSURRECTIONAL NUCLEUS IS ISOLATED, MASTER! WE'RE GOING TO DRIVE IT BACK TOWARD THE SECTOR 112B ARENA!
GOOD! THE GLADIATORS WILL BE READY FOR THEM!
DON'T GO, THERE ERO! I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT IT!
I HAVE TO GO, MAGA I SIGNED!
WHAT WOULD CRAW SAY IF HE KNEW THAT YOU ARE IN LOVE WITH A GROUPIE?
AND WHAT WOULD HE SAY IF HE KNEW THAT YOU STILL TAKE DRUGS?
HAH! LET'S GO! THEY'RE WAITING FOR US IT'S SHOWTIME!
LATER, IN THE SUBTERRANEAN LEVEL OF THE CITY
97B
97A
112B
112B

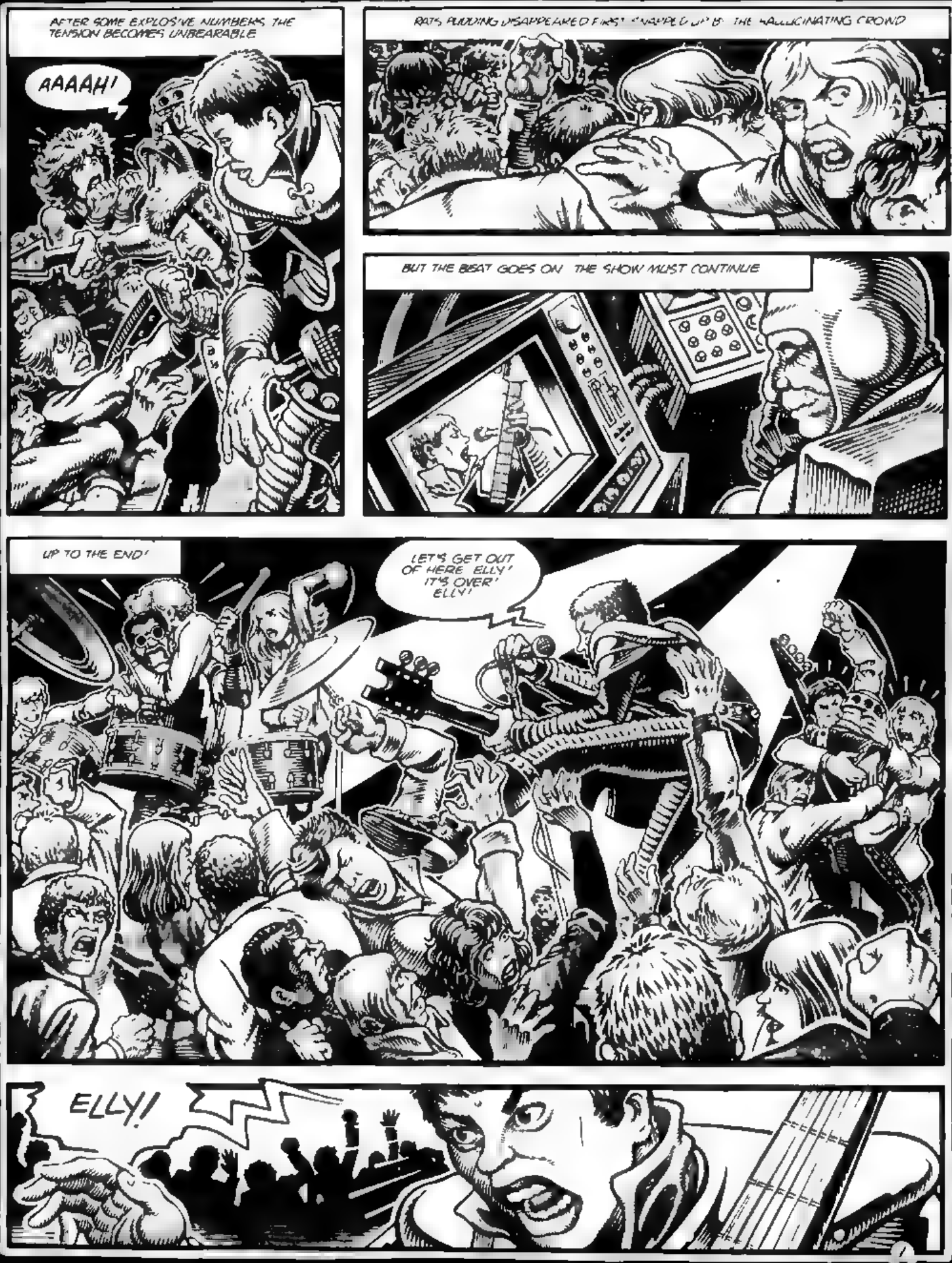
UNDER A THE TERROR LED KOWU PUSHE [illegible] BY OF THE [illegible] MOVES TO THE SECTION 2B ARENA



AND AS SOON AS THE HEAVY DOORS CLOSE - WHAM!

THE WILD MUSIC OF THE GLADIATORS

BUILDS UP A WAVE OF MADNESS WHICH ENGULFS THE SURPRISED DEMONSTRATORS


AFTER SOME EXPLOSIVE NUMBERS, THE TENSION BECOMES UNBEARABLE
AAAAH!
RATS, PUDDING DISAPPEARED FIRST SNAPPED UP BY THE HALLUCINATING CROWD
BUT THE BEAT GOES ON THE SHOW MUST CONTINUE
UP TO THE END!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE ELLY! IT'S OVER ELLY!
ELLY!

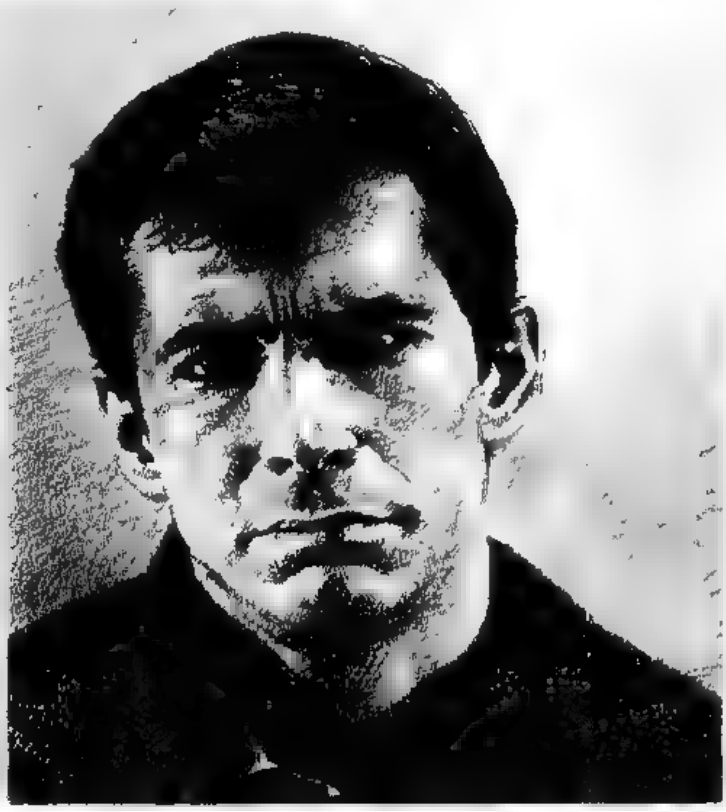
AFTER LONG, BLOODY MINUTES, ERO IS ABLE TO LEAVE THE STAGE
SHIT! THE IDIOT! HE WAS EATEN UP BY THOSE JERKS!
HEY..?! A SURVIVOR! AND LOOK- IT'S IT'S HIM AGAIN!
HE'LL GO FAR IF HE LIVES!
I HAVE TO GET OUT OF THIS PLACE
CIGARETTE?
OR I'LL LEAVE MY SKIN HERE!
AT THE SAME MOMENT
GOOD WORK, LINEO! THE SUPERIOR MASTERS WILL BE VERY PLEASED!
THANK YOU, MASTER BUT THERE IS A SMALL PROBLEM ONE OF THE GLADIATORS SURVIVED THE LAH CONCERT AND THIS IS THE FIFTH TIME HE'S DONE IT!
MMM-HMMM AND WE DON'T WANT IDOLS, ISN'T THAT RIGHT, LINEO? DON'T LET HIM TARNISH THE SUCCESS OF THIS DEPOPULATION OPERATION I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND THE MEASURES TO BE TAKEN, LINEO?
YES MASTER I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE PROBLEM IMMEDIATELY!
THIS IS THE END, MY ONLY FRIEND

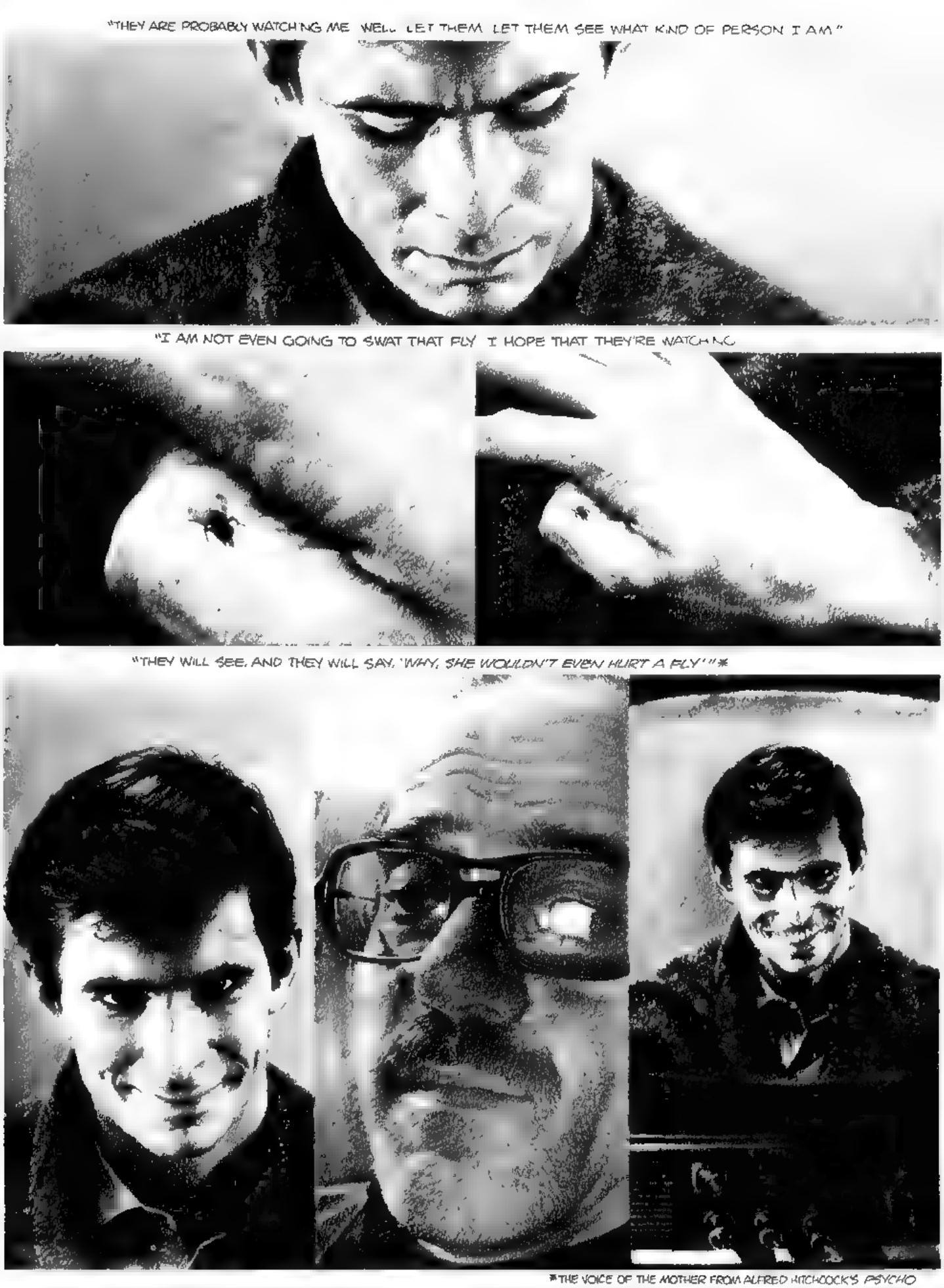
"IS SAD WHEN A MOTHER HAS TO SPEAK THE WORDS THAT CONDEMN HER OWN SON."

"I CAN'T ALLOW THEM TO THINK I WOULD COMMIT MURDER."

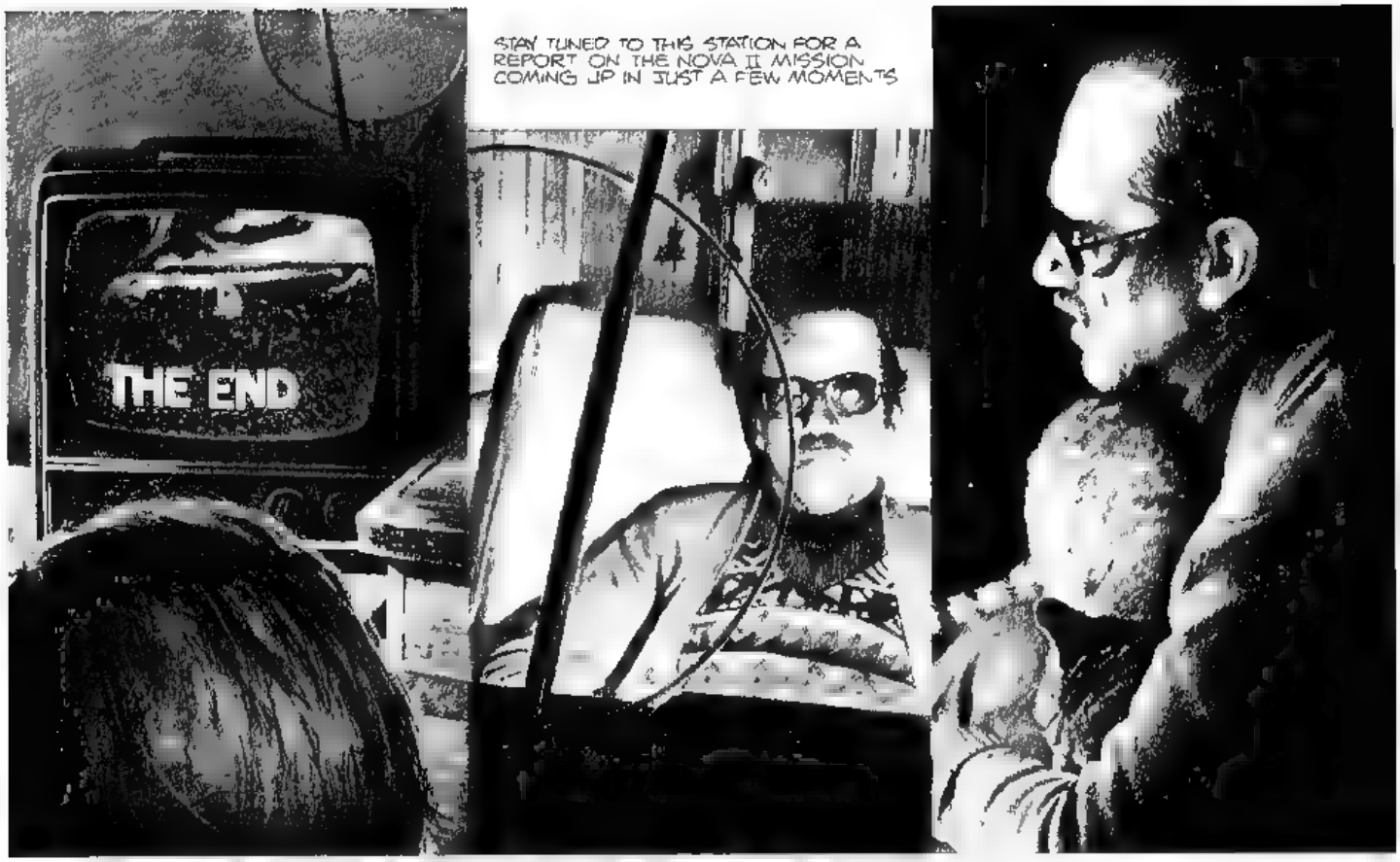
"PUT HIM AWAY NOW, AS I SHOULD HAVE YEARS AGO. HE WAS ALWAYS BAD, AND IN THE END HE INTENDED TO TELL THEM I KILLED THOSE GIRLS AND THAT MAN."

"AS IF I COULD DO ANYTHING BUT JUST SIT AND STARE, LIKE ONE OF HIS STUFFED BIRDS. THEY KNOW I CAN'T MOVE A FINGER, AND I WANT TO JUST SIT HERE AND BE QUIET, JUST IN CASE THEY SUSPECT ME."




"THEY ARE PROBABLY WATCHING ME. WELL. LET THEM. LET THEM SEE WHAT KIND OF PERSON I AM."
"I AM NOT EVEN GOING TO SWAT THAT FLY. I HOPE THAT THEY'RE WATCHING.
"THEY WILL SEE. AND THEY WILL SAY, 'WHY, SHE WOULDN'T EVEN HURT A FLY.'"*

*THE VOICE OF THE MOTHER FROM ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S *PSYCHO*



IN THE FIRST PHASE OF THE NOVA II MISSION, AN EXPEDITION CONSISTING OF THREE MEN DEPARTED THIS PAST DECEMBER 2 SENT BY THE UN TO INVESTIGATE A STRANGE OBJECT FROM SPACE

IN CHARGE OF THE GROUP'S SECURITY IS US ARMY CAPTAIN DICK DOUGLAS, VIETNAM VETERAN AND AN EXPERT IN ANTI-GUERRILLA ACTION. ALFRED SOMMER, A GERMAN NUCLEAR PHYSICIST WHO HAS LED IMPORTANT STUDIES OF COSMIC RAYS AND SO-CALLED "HOT PARTICLES" (HIGH ENERGY PARTICLES THAT BOMBARD THE EARTH FROM SPACE), IS IN CHARGE OF

STUDYING THE RADIOACTIVE EMISSIONS FROM THE METEORITE. AND LASTLY, JEAN PIERRE GUILLEMOT, PARA-PSYCHOLOGIST AND ADJUNCT PROFESSOR AT THE SORBONNE, WHOSE MISSION IS TO STUDY THE PSYCHIC EFFECTS OF THE OBJECT'S RADIATION ON THE PEOPLE EXPOSED TO T

TO BE CONTINUED.

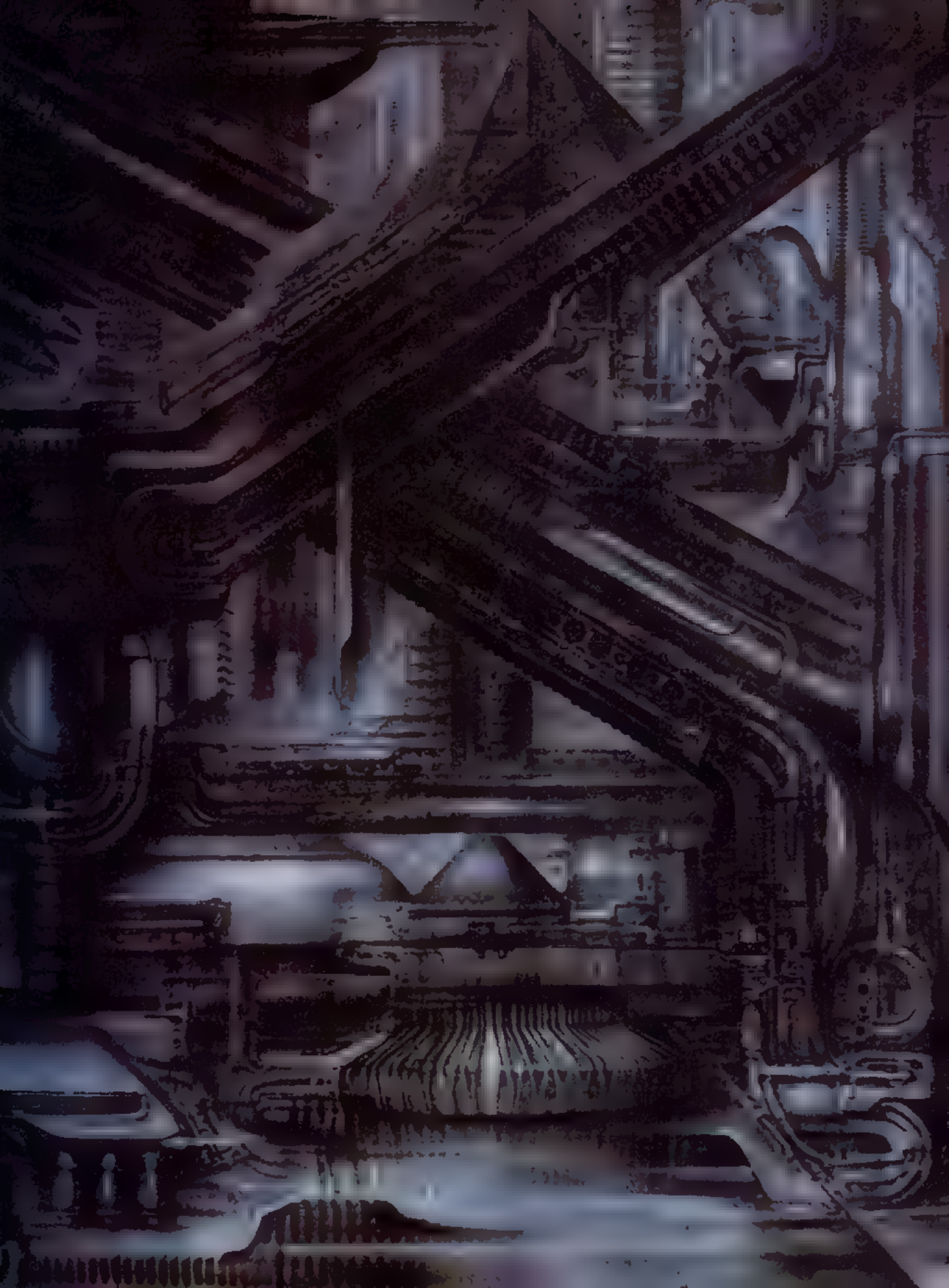
GALLERY:

H. R. GIGER'S NEW YORK CITY

I never did like traveling—and never again in a brand new pair of shoes. Personally, I'd rather just drift off to sleep, wake up and be there already.

The idea for the pictures in the *N Y City* series grew out of my five visits to New York — and an important "stencil" contributed by Cornelius de Fries, who's been working with me since mid 1980 on our furniture program. The stencil was actually a sheet of scrap from which electrical components had been punched out, something Cornelius picked up as he was scavenging around in one of those electronics establishments he frequents.

All material in this section is ©1981, H R Giger reprinted from *H R Giger N Y City* The book is available at your local bookstore or contact Hansen Fine Arts Inc 561 Broadway New York, NY 10012



I've been painting by airbrush since 1972. I use it to put watercolors and acrylic paints directly onto the paper without any preliminary sketching. With the small airbrush and a nozzle opening of just 0.2 mm I can draw very fine lines indeed. To get really sharp definitions, though, it takes a stencil or template of some kind—a rubber ruler, say, or a cardboard cut-out with the right design. Splatterwork is a good way to add more surface and avoid too much of a spray-painting look. You can also try additional stencils with different structures.

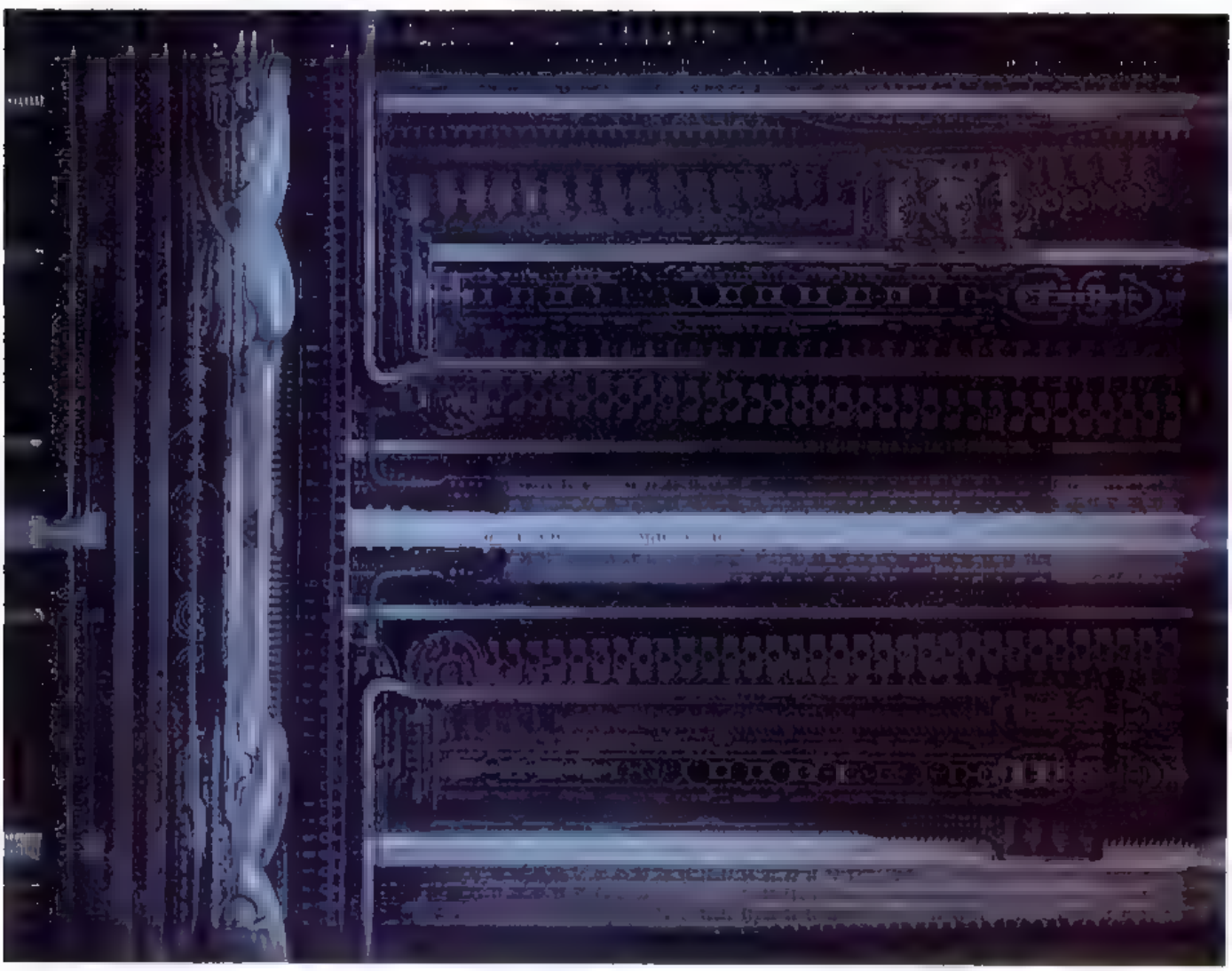
Various materials can be used to create these richer, more interesting textures: paper (like a cake-box doily), lace trimming (on tablecloths, antimacassars, curtains, etc.), or strips of metalpress scrap and waste stampings from an electrical parts production line.

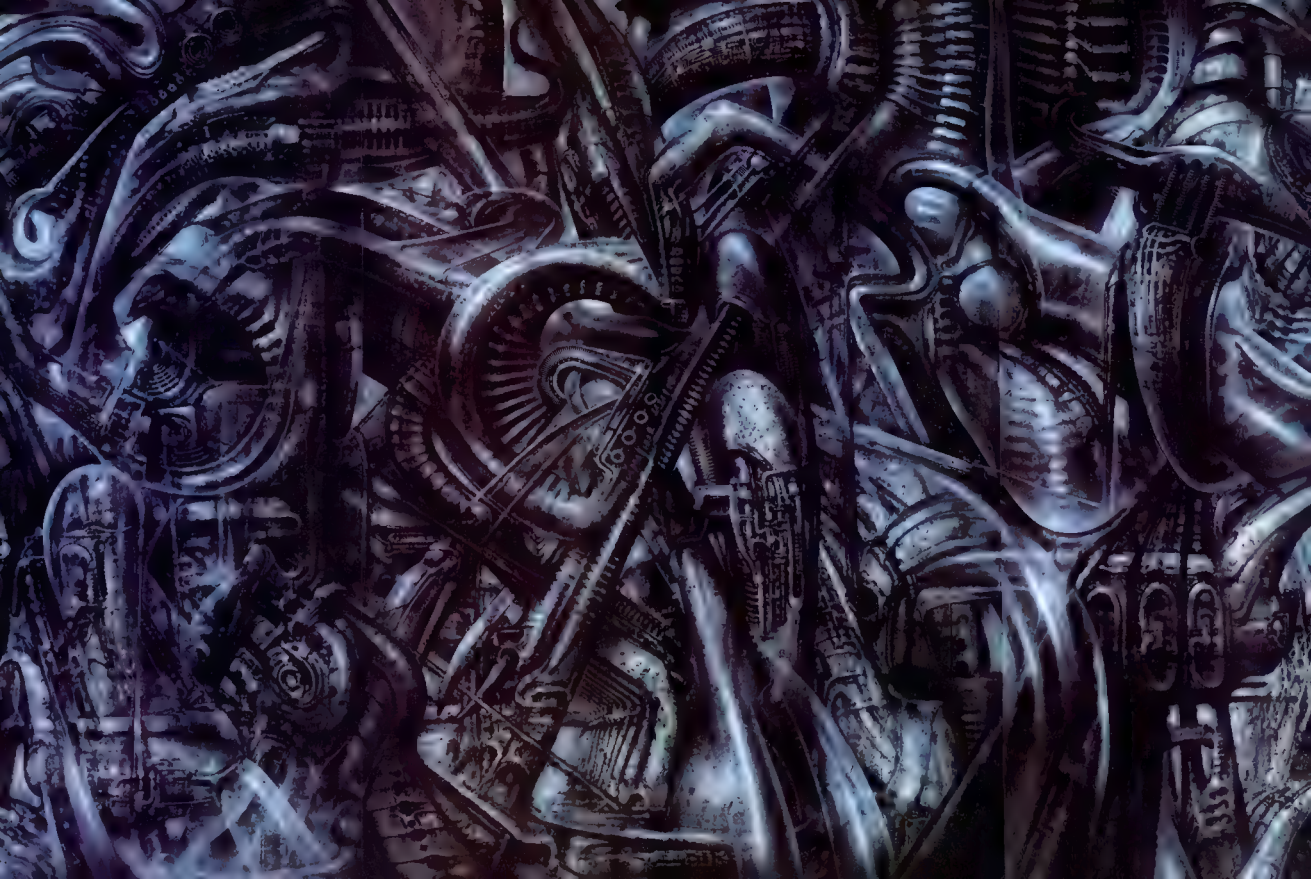
At first I didn't particularly like the look of these stencils. My world works organically, and these objects were generically hostile to it. The best I could imagine happening was something essentially boring, like the façades presented by a modern housing development. So the first time I actually used them it was to doctor the background of a large

---

The New York cabbies are intensely proud of their city—and they're right: there is no crazier place imaginable. I was half in a trance, and totally overwhelmed. Two slightly-used hippies were dancing in front of the Chelsea Hotel, our destination, in a kind of unearthly pantomime. They bowed and curtsied their way through the most improbable contortions and danced us into the lobby.

The biggest hassle in New York was figuring out the subway. The only thing I found enormously fascinating was the beautiful graffiti inside and outside the cars: this was art, and basically it was the only new art that struck me as totally convincing. Except for the well-known greats—and also with the exception of the works on loan from the Hansen Galleries (NYC)—all I saw at the exhibition were third- and fourth-rate imitations of Warhol, Rauschenberg, etc. Nothing that I could see betrayed any originality.





A couple of Viennese artists I knew, Fantastic Realists like Schwertberger, Mati Klarwein, etc., explained to me that the chances of Fantastic Art's coming back "into fashion" were slim, despite the general artistic slump that followed the Radical Realists. The trend setters would never have the guts to declare that Fantastic Art was "in"—especially since most of its exponents were foreigners. The only new art that didn't leave me cold—besides those graffiti—was the adult comics. People like the American Rich Corben or the Frenchman Moebius are solitary geniuses. Of course, their work is put down by the art world's ruling elite as "mere" illustration or folk art.

composition that had become too fidgety, too nervous. And the picture that emerged — part of a temple environment entitled "Anima Mia"—was more settled, at ease with itself, better.

Suddenly, my picture had given birth to architecture reminiscent of the United Nations building in New York or the World Trade Center.

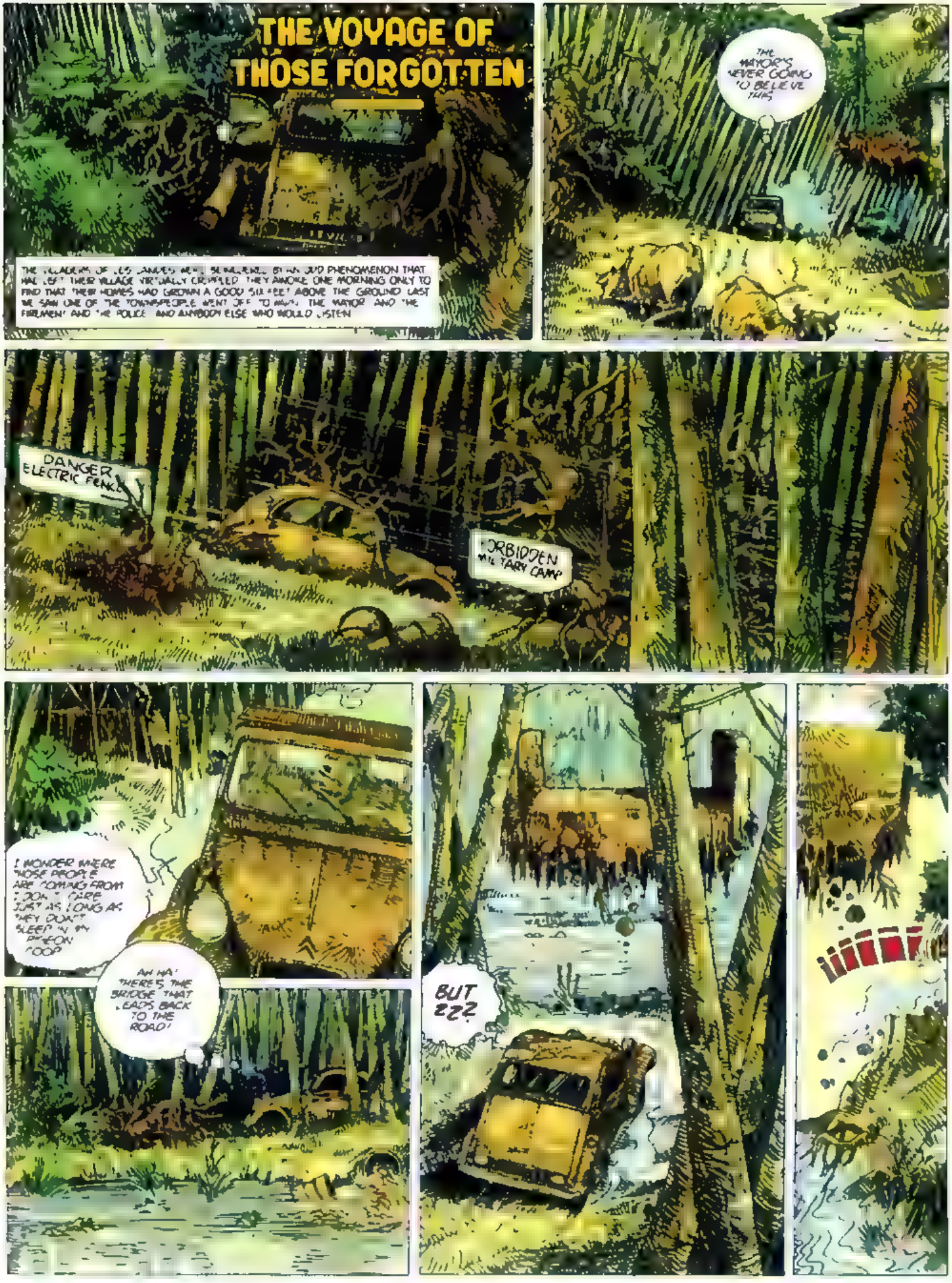
In fact, the effect of the stencils was so striking that I made up my mind to start a series of smaller compositions — 100 cm × 70 cm—in order to explore the enormous possibilities they opened up in combination with other stencils and templates, less severe.

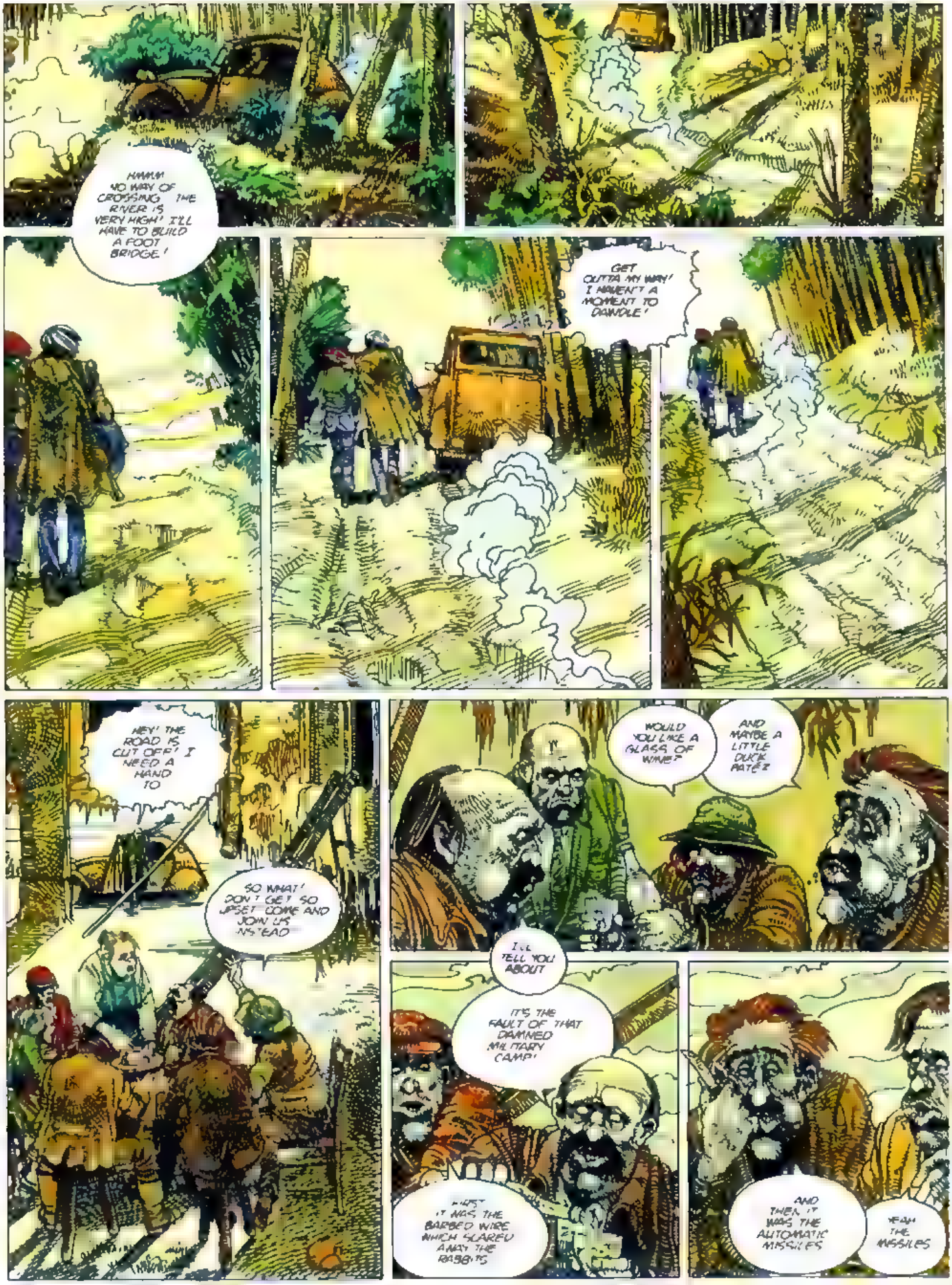
Since that first application of these intrinsically "anti-Giger" elements I've been working on new variations almost nonstop, literally day and night. And that's how the *N Y City* series took shape at my studio in Zurich.

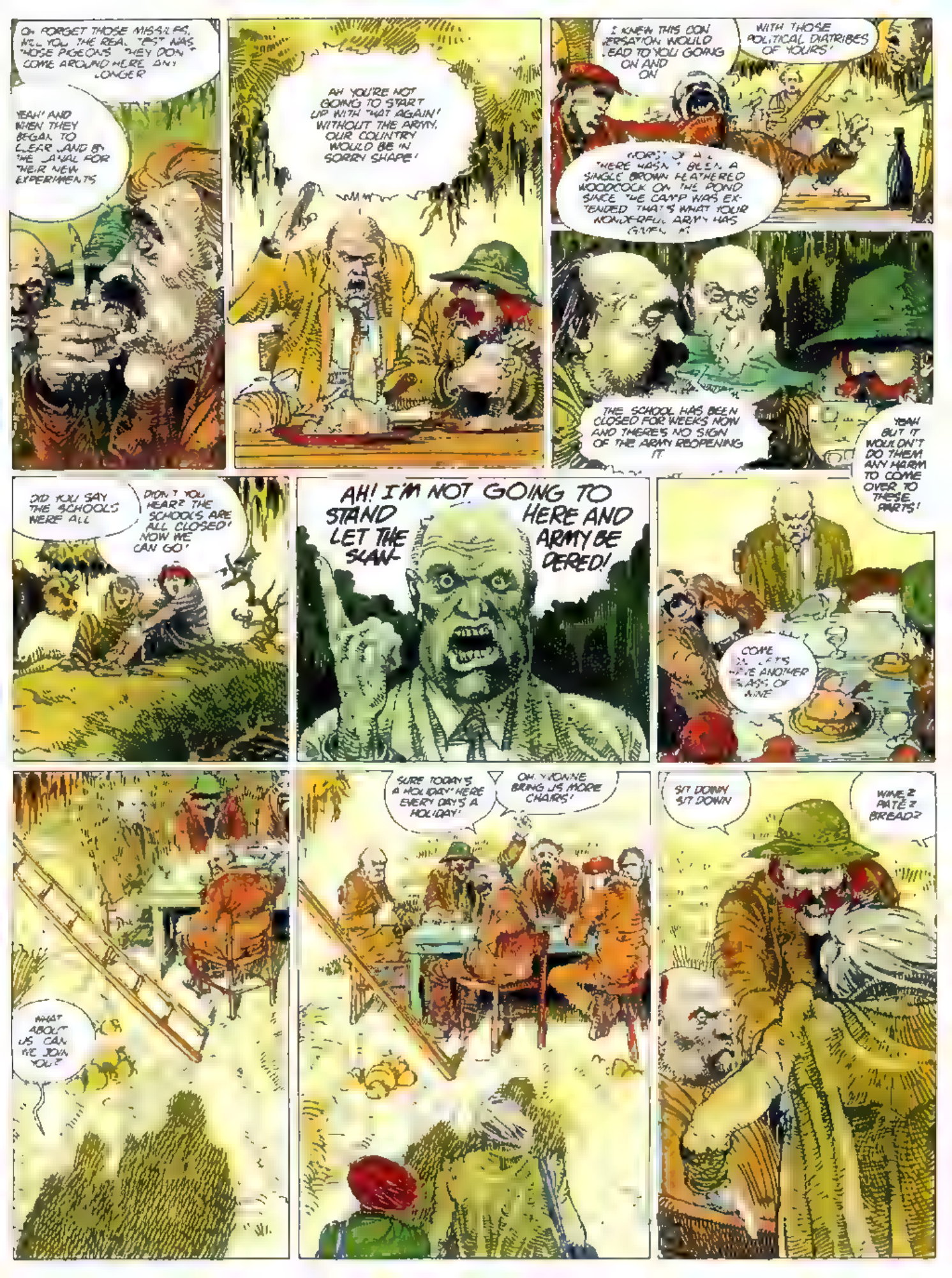
New York itself has been a constant presence throughout the project. Memories keep floating up of this magical city whether I'm actually painting or not. And I keep trying to get a handle on this abyss, the soulless machine they call "New York City," and to articulate my own reactions and perceptions in the composition.

But anybody who thinks the stencil technique makes the job go faster is in for a letdown: more hours and days of endless searching, groping, and laboring for solutions are embodied in these pictures, I'm afraid, than in practically all my previous work.

H. R. Giger

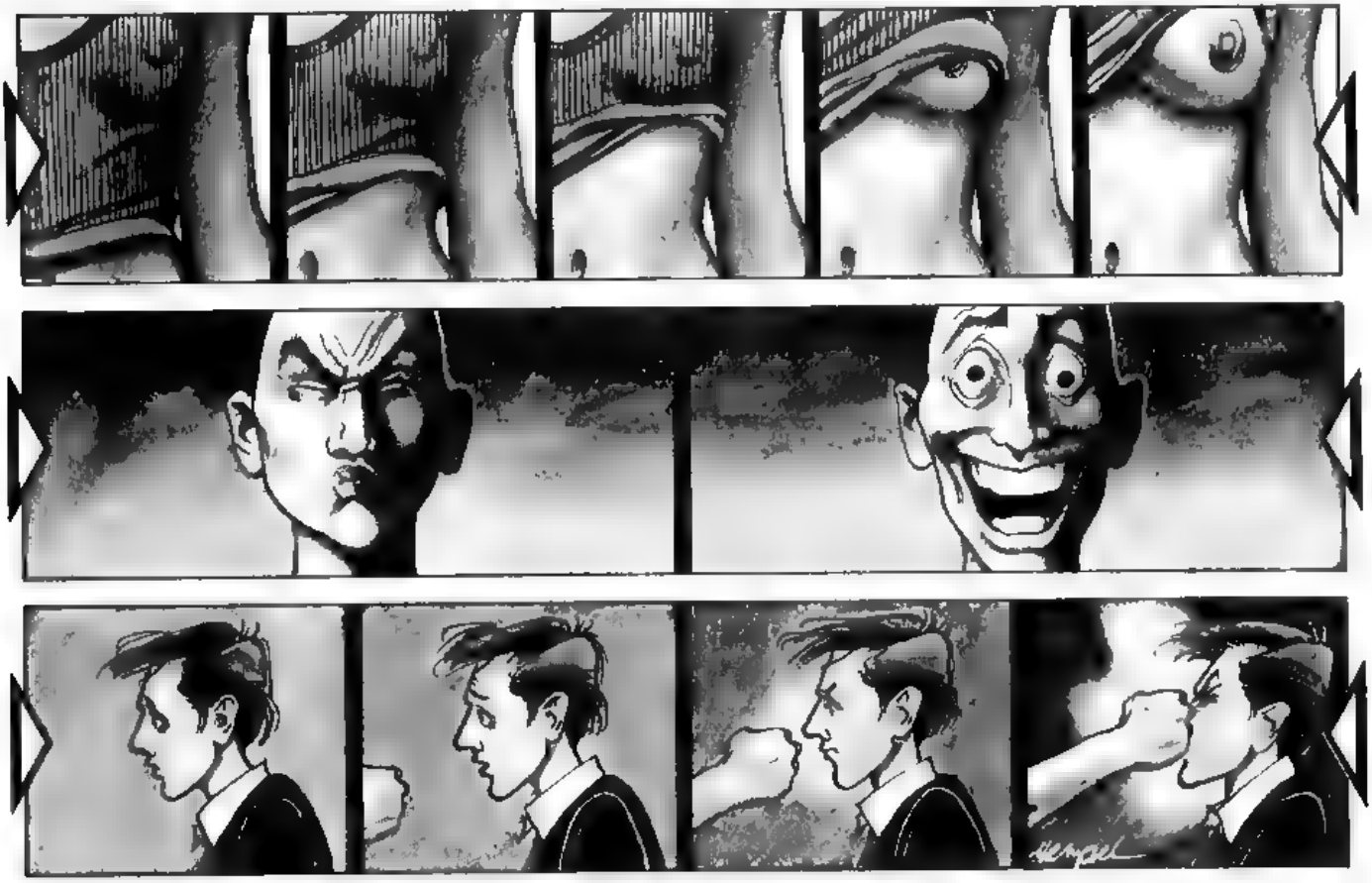

THE VOYAGE OF THOSE FORGOTTEN
THE INHABITANTS OF LOS ANGELES WERE SUBJECTED TO AN ODD PHENOMENON THAT HAD LEFT THEIR VILLAGE VIRTUALLY CRIPPLED. THEY AWOKE ONE MORNING ONLY TO FIND THAT THEIR HOMES HAD GROWN A GOOD SIX FEET ABOVE THE GROUND. LAST WE SAW ONE OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE WENT OFF TO MAYA. THE MAYOR AND THE FIREMEN AND THE POLICE AND ANYBODY ELSE WHO WOULD LISTEN
THE MAYOR'S NEVER GONNA TO BELIEVE THIS
DANGER ELECTRIC FENCE
FORBIDDEN MILITARY CAMP
I WONDER WHERE THOSE PEOPLE ARE COMING FROM. OOH, I DON'T CARE JUST AS LONG AS THEY DON'T SLEEP IN MY PIGEON FOOD
AH HA! THERE'S THE BRIDGE THAT LEADS BACK TO THE ROAD!
BUT ZZZ


HMMM NO WAY OF CROSSING THE RIVER IS VERY HIGH! I'LL HAVE TO BUILD A FOOT BRIDGE!
GET OUTTA MY WAY! I HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO DAWDLE!
HEY! THE ROAD IS CUT OFF! I NEED A HAND TO
SO WHAT! DON'T GET SO UPSET COME AND JOIN US 'STEAD
WOULD YOU LIKE A GLASS OF WINE?
AND MAYBE A LITTLE DUCK PATÉ?
I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT
IT'S THE FAULT OF THAT DAMNED MILITARY CAMP!
FIRST IT WAS THE BARBED WIRE WHICH SCARED AWAY THE RABBITS
AND THEN IT WAS THE AUTOMATIC MISSILES
YEAH THE MISSILES


OH FORGET THOSE MISSILES, WE... YOU THE REAL "PEST" WAS THOSE PIGEONS THEY DON'T COME AROUND HERE ANY LONGER
YEAH! AND WHEN THEY BEGAN TO CLEAR AND BY THE JUNGLE FOR THEIR NEW EXPERIMENTS
AH YOU'RE NOT GOING TO START UP WITH THAT AGAIN! WITHOUT THE ARMY, OUR COUNTRY WOULD BE IN SORRY SHAPE!
I KNEW THIS CONVERSATION WOULD LEAD TO YOU GOING ON AND ON
WITH THOSE POLITICAL DIATRIBES OF YOURS!
NOR! I HAVEN'T BEEN A SINGLE BROWN FEATHERED WOODCOCK ON THE POND SINCE THE CAMP WAS EXTENDED THAT'S WHAT YOUR WONDERFUL ARMY HAS GIVEN ME
THE SCHOOL HAS BEEN CLOSED FOR WEEKS NOW AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE ARMY REOPENING IT
YEAH BUT IT WOULDN'T DO THEM ANY HARM TO COME OVER TO THESE PARTS!
DID YOU SAY THE SCHOOLS WERE ALL
DIDN'T YOU HEAR? THE SCHOOLS ARE ALL CLOSED! NOW WE CAN GO!
AH! I'M NOT GOING TO STAND HERE AND LET THE SLAV- ARMY BE DERED!
COME ON LET'S HAVE ANOTHER SLASH OF WINE
WHAT ABOUT US CAN WE JOIN YOU?
SURE TODAY'S A HOLIDAY! HERE EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY!
OH, YVONNE BRING US MORE CHAIRS!
SIT DOWN SIT DOWN
WINE 2 PATE 2 BREADS

WAIT THERE MUST'VE SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE!
ME?
MAYBE WE'VE MET WALKING ALONG THE ROAD?
NO NO I'M SURE IT WAS SOME WHERE ELSE MMMMM
SO ARE YOU VISITING THE GUNTHROPS?
YES WE'RE TAKING A VACATION IN THE GOOD WEATHER
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY ISN'T IT?
BUT IT DOESN'T IT BOTHER YOU TO SEE WE HUGE WE TURF WE'RE BASICALLY PRISONERS IN OUR OWN TOWN
WHAT DO YOU MEAN WE ARE VERY LUCKY AT LEAST OUR HOUSES ARE SECURE
FINALLY WE'RE FORGOTTEN ABOUT BECAUSE WE'RE SO ISOLATED
FOR ONCE SOMETHING IN LIFE GOES AS OK
THESE PEOPLE ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY
YOU LIKE THE PATE?
MMM IT'S GREAT!
LI-LISTEN TO ME! ALL OF YOU! A COUP IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE WE MUST GET TO THE ARMY CAMP AND WARN THEM
AH HA! YOU SEE! THE ARMY IS HERE FOR SOMETHING!
HOW DO YOU PLAN TO GET THROUGH THE ELECTRIC FENCES MISTER SMART GUYS
I'M SENSING BUT THAT ARMY CAMP GIVES ME THE CREEPS!
I DON'T THINK THIS IS THE RIGHT TIME TO GO TO THE ARMY. AND I WARN YOU [illegible] ARE GOING UP THERE
DANGEROUS EXPERIMENTS

"BACK & FORTH" COMICS THAT LAST AS LONG AS YOU LIKE! MAR. HEMPE © 1982



1. BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY THERE'S NO INTELLIGENT LIFE DOWN HERE

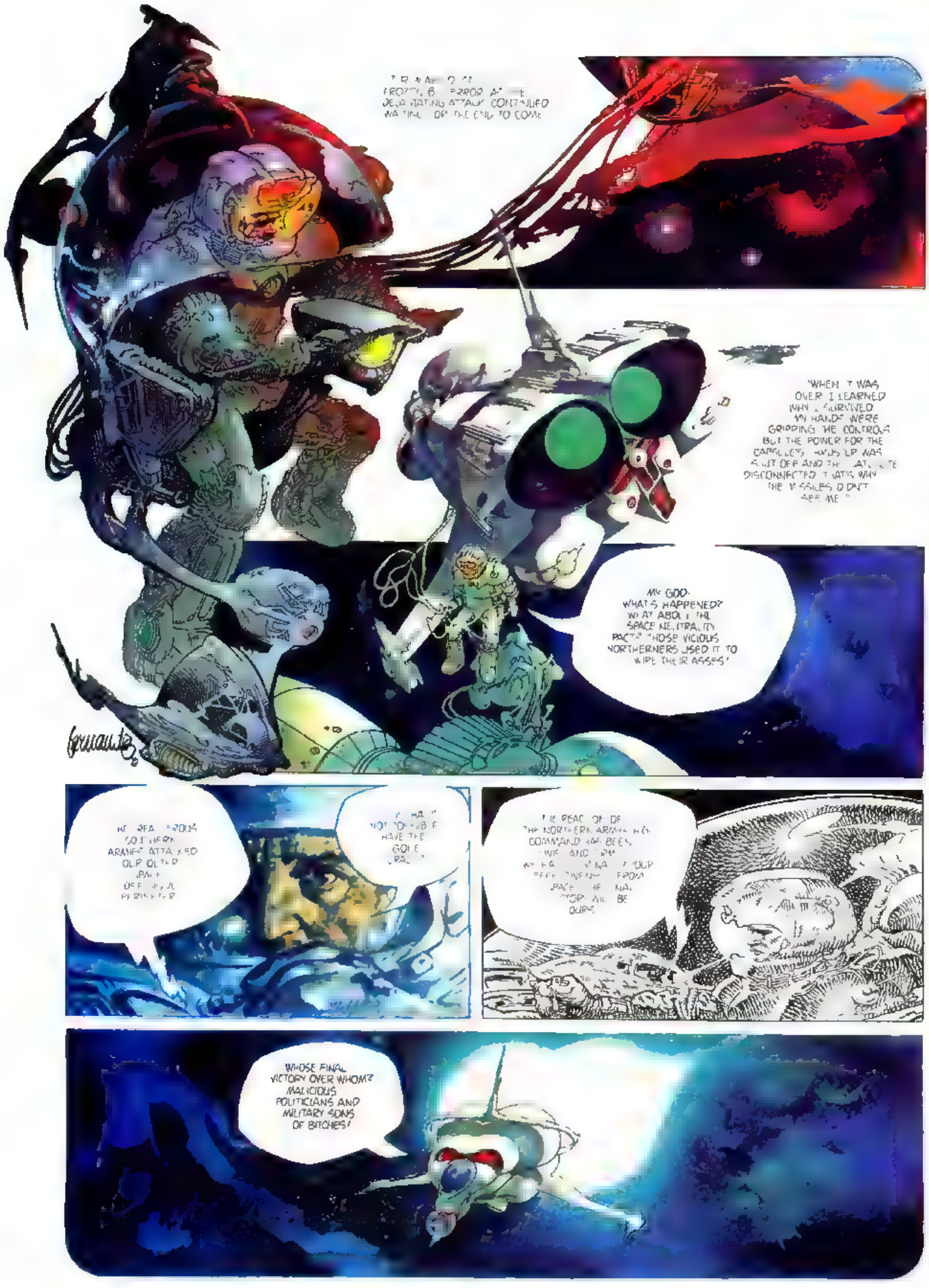
INSTANT RESPECT
GET IT WHENEVER YOU WEAR ONE OF THESE NOT NICE T-SHIRTS!
(BUY 1 TAKE 1 MORE FREE!)

2 PAR E B T YO OBv A M 4 O O J

REALIZE 'M GOD 5. THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK YOU KNOW EVERYTH NG ARE VERY ANNOYING TO THOSE OF US WHO DO 6. DON'T KNOW DON T CARE AND T DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE 7. LIFE IS LIKE A SH T SANDWICH THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE THE LESS SH T YOU HAVE TO EAT 8. F YOU CAN T DAZZLE 'EM WITH BR LLIANCE BAFFLE EM W TH BULLSHIT 9 WHEN CHOOSING BETWEEN TWO EVILS ALWAYS LIKE TO TRY THE ONE VER BEFORE TRIED BEFORE 10 DO NOT BE B LL T M 11 BE AN ORIGINAL 12 QUESTION AUTHORITY 13. JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE PARANOID DOESN T MEAN EVERYONE ISN'T OUT TO GET YOU 14 DON'T ASK ME ANY QUEST ONS I JUST MIGHT TELL YOU THE TRUTH 15 IGNORE ALIEN ORDERS 16. SO? 17 I'M NOT CYNICAL JUST EXPERIENCED 18. THERE ARE NO RULES 19. ASK ME IF I CARE 20. THE TORTURE NEVER STOPS 21 F TELL YOU YOU HAVE A BEAUT F BODY WIL YOU HOLD IT AGA NST ME? 22 ROCK N ROLL NOT DOLITE 23 IF YOU LAUGH AS K YOU NEVER KNOW 24 WHO KNOWS WHO ARE? WHY BOTHER 25 KNOW YOU TH NK YOU UNDERSTOOD WHAT SAID BUT WHAT YOU HEARD WAS NOT WHAT MEANT 26. I DON T CARE DON'T HAVE TO 27 WHEN M GOOD I'M VERY GOOD BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M BETTER 28. WANT IT ALL AND I WANT IT NOW 29 IT'S HARD TO SOAR LIKE AN EAGLE WHEN YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY TURKEYS 30. WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US ABOUT 31 I'D RATHER LAUGH WITH THE SINNERS THAN CRY WITH THE SAINTS 32 MADNESS TAKES TS TOLL 33. LIFE S WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHILE YOU RE BUSY MAK NG OTHER PLANS 34 SEX S DIRTY BUT ONLY IF YOU DO IT R GHT 35. THE MEEK SHALL NHER T THE SHIT 36. I'M MAD AS HELL AND I'M NOT GO NG TO TAKE T ANYMORE! 37 DON T TAKE LIFE TOO SER OUSLY YOU'LL NEVER GET OUT OF T ALIVE 38. MMORAL MINOR TY 39 I'M NOT PLAY NG HARD TO GET AM HARD TO GET 40. NEVER EXPLA N YOUR FR ENDS DON'T NEED IT AND YOUR ENEMIES WON T BELIEVE IT ANYWAY 41 NEVER ARGUE WITH FOOLS PEOPLE MIGHT NOT KNOW THE D FFERENCE 42 IT S MORALLY WRONG TO ALLOW SUCKERS TO KEEP THEIR MONEY 43. LIFE ISN T GRAND ANYMORE IT'S TWO GRAND 44. YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU WANT BUT YOU CAN ALWAYS GET WHAT YOU NEED 45 WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT NOTHING MATTERS 46 EVERYBODY WANTS TO GO TO HEAVEN BUT NOBODY WANT TO D E 47 LIVING WELL S THE BEST REVENGE 48. POVERTY SUCKS 49 LEAD ME NOT INTO TEMPTATION I CAN FIND T MYSELF 50 IF YOU RE SO SMART WHY AREN T YOU R CH? 51 THERE S A DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A DREAM AND A FANTASY 52 BE TH NK A DL YOU KNOW 53. YOU AN E MORE A TAKING WORD AND A GUN THAN YOU CAN W TH A KIND WORD 54 I'VE DONE SO MUCH WITH SO LITTLE FOR SO LONG THAT NOW CAN DO ANYTHING WITH NOTH NG 55 'M GOING TO MAKE YOU AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE 56. WHEN YOU'VE GOT THEM BY THE BALLS THEIR HEARTS AND M NDS WILL FOLLOW 57 M REALLY EN OY NG NOT ALKING TO YOU LIE S NOT TALK AGA NREAL SOON OK? 58. WE ARE ALL EQUAL BUT SOME OF US ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS 59. BULLSH T BULLSHIT BULLSHIT 60. DON'T G VE ME THAT GOOD E-GOOD E BULLSHIT 62. GUESS YOU HAD TO BE THERE 63 WHAT GOES AROUND COMES AROUND 64. MY WILL BE DONE 65 NICE GUYS DON'T F N SH 66. HOW MUCH S N CAN I GET AWAY WITH AND ST LL GO TO HEAVEN? 67 AGE AND TREACHERY WILL ALWAYS OVERCOME YOUTH AND SK LL 68. DAMN 'M GOOD 69 THERE IS INTELL GENT LIFE ON EARTH BUT 'M JUST VIS T NG 70 POWER MEANS NEVER HAV NG TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY 71 I TALK TO MYSELF BECAUSE T'S THE ONLY TIME I CAN HAVE AN INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION 72 TIME FL ES WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU RE DO NG 73. NO GOOD DEED GOE UNPUN SHED 74 REMEMBER WE RE ALL N TH S ALONE 75. YOU RE NOT GETT NG OLDER YOU'RE GETT NG B TTER 76 I MEAS TOP EASE AS LONG A ET MY WAY 77 WHY LOOK HERE FOR THE JOKE? IT'S ALL AROUND US 78. WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE US 79 THERE S NO FUN 80. NOT SH RT READING N TH S AREA 81 AM DEAF PLEASE PUT YOUR COMPLA NT IN WRITING AND MA L IT TO YOURSELF 82 POWER MEANS NOT HAVING TO RESPOND 83. HOPE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN PRETENDING TO BE EVIL AND SECRETLY BE NG GOOD THAT WOULD BE SO SHONES 84. GREAT SPIR TS HAVE ALWAYS EN COUNTERED V OLENT OPPOS T ON FROM MEDIOCRE M NDS A E sies 85 NEVER TRY TO TEACH A PIG TO S NG IT WA ES YOUR TIME AND ANNOYS THE PIG 86. WHAT'S A NICE PERSON LIKE ME DO NG IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? 87 F YOU DON T BEL EVE ME JUST ASK ME 88. WHEN YOU VE GOT NOTH NG YOU'VE GOT NOTH NG TO LOSE 89. WHY ARE WE ALL PUT HERE TO SUFFER AND D E? 90 WHERE YOU STAND DEPENDS ON WHERE YO US T 91 ONWARD THROUGH THE FOG 92 NEVER KICK A MAN UNLESS HE'S DOWN 93. I WOULD IF I COULD BUT CAN T SO WON'T 94. VE ALWAYS BEEN CRAZY BUT TS KEPT ME FROM GO NG NSANE 95. EVERYTH NG YOU KNOW S WRONG BUT YOU CAN BE STRA GHT NEED TO KNOW A THAT S FFE 97 YES OC M NC 98 NO NOT OK 99 ONLY THE YOUNG D E GOOD 100 WE SHOULD ORG VE OUR ENEMIES B T ONLY AFTER THEY VE BEEN TAKEN OUT AND SHOT 101 THE SECRET OF SUCCESS SS NCERITY ONCE YOU CAN FAKE THAT YOU VE GOT T MADE 102 BE REASONABLY DEMAND MY WAY 103 LIVE A LIMB AS YOU LOOK 104. T'S HARD TO BE A SAINT IN THE CITY 105. I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU OUT WH CH WAY D D YOU COME N? 106. DO T ANY DAMN WAY I PLEASE 107 EVERYONE NEEDS TO BELIEVE IN SOMETHING BELIEVE IL HAVE ANOTHER BEER 108 I ENJOY EVERY WORD YOU DON'T SAY 109 TELL ME LIES 110. HOW CAN I LOVE YOU F YOU WON'T LET DOWN? 111 A SMART CAT KNOWS JUST HOW FAR TO GO WITHOUT CROSS NG OVER THE LINE 112. PUN SH ME W TH K SSES 113. NO EXCUSES WILL BE ACCEPTED 114. I'D RATHER BE PISSED OFF THAN P SSED ON 115. DON T BL ME F YOU'RE NOT THAT GREAT 116. T S NOT MY JOB! 117 BUT ENOUGH ABOUT YOU LET'S TALK ABOUT ME 118. RAISE HELL 119. TOO R PPED GOTTA GO 120 SAVE THE HUMANS 121 DO MY BEST TO BE JUST WHO AM BUT EVERYBODY WANTS ME TO BE JUST LIKE THEM 122 ARE YOU MAKING TH S UP AS YOU GO ALONG? 123 OH REALLY? 124. THERE IS NO GRAV TY THE EARTH SUCKS 125. YOU CAN FIND SYMPATHY BETWEEN SHIT AND SYPHILIS IN THE DICTIONARY 126. WHEN N DOUBT MUMBLE WHEN IN TROUBLE DELEGATE 127 WOULD NS JLT YOU BUT YOU WOULDN T UNDERSTAND T SO I WON'T 128. DON T G VE MY ANY SH T 129. THAT S ANOTHER F NE MESS YOU VE GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO 130. IF YOU CAN'T LAUGH AT YOURSELF EVERYONE ELSE WILL BE HAPPY TO DO IT FOR YOU 131. TO ERR IS HUMAN TO FORGIVE S UNUSUAL 132 THOSE NOT BUSY BEING BORN ARE BUSY DY NG 133. YOU MAY KNOW T ALL BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND SH T 134 WHAT THE FUCK OVER? 135. WHEN WANT YOUR ADVICE LL BEAT IT OUT OF YOU 136. LET'S GET PHYS CAL 137 LET S GET HOR ZONTAL 138 'INDIANS LOOKS LIKE WE'RE N BIG TROUBLE TONTO "WHAT YOU MEAN WE 'WH TE MAN? 139. LIFE IS PERVERSE T COULD BE BEAUT FUL BUT T WON'T 140. POWER CORRUPTS BUT ABSOL UTE POWER IS ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTFUL 141 FIT'S NOT FUN FORGET IT 142 ARE YOU FOR REAL? 143. I'D RATHER BE RICH 144. CAN T LIVE WITH 'EM CAN T LIVE WITHOUT 'EM 145. DON'T TAKE EVERYTHING SO IMPERSONALLY 146. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SERVE REFUSE TO ANYONE 147 OF ALL THE PEOPLE VE EVER MET YOU ARE CERTAINLY ONE OF THEM 148. IF T DOESN'T FEEL GOOD DON'T DO T 149 DO YOU HAVE TO WORK AT BEING AN ASS OR DOES T COME TO YOU NATURALLY? 150. ZAPPA S FRANK First quality 100% cotton HANES medium weight shirts directly hand silk screened SIX COLORS AVAILABLE White print on BLACK NAVY or RED; BLACK print on WHITE LIGHT BLUE or YELLOW. Indicate 2nd and 3rd color choices We may substitute colors unless you specify otherwise S M L XL **BE SURE TO SPECIFY SIZES AND COLORS (PLEASE!)** $8.95 each, including postage and handling for 4 week delivery. **TAKE 1 MORE FREE WITH EVERY 4 YOU BUY!** Add $1 per t-shirt for 2 week delivery CA people add 6% sales tax US Funds Only MONEYBACK GUARANTEE **MAGE DESIGNS, #1141 -HMB, 2000 Center Berkeley, CA 94704**

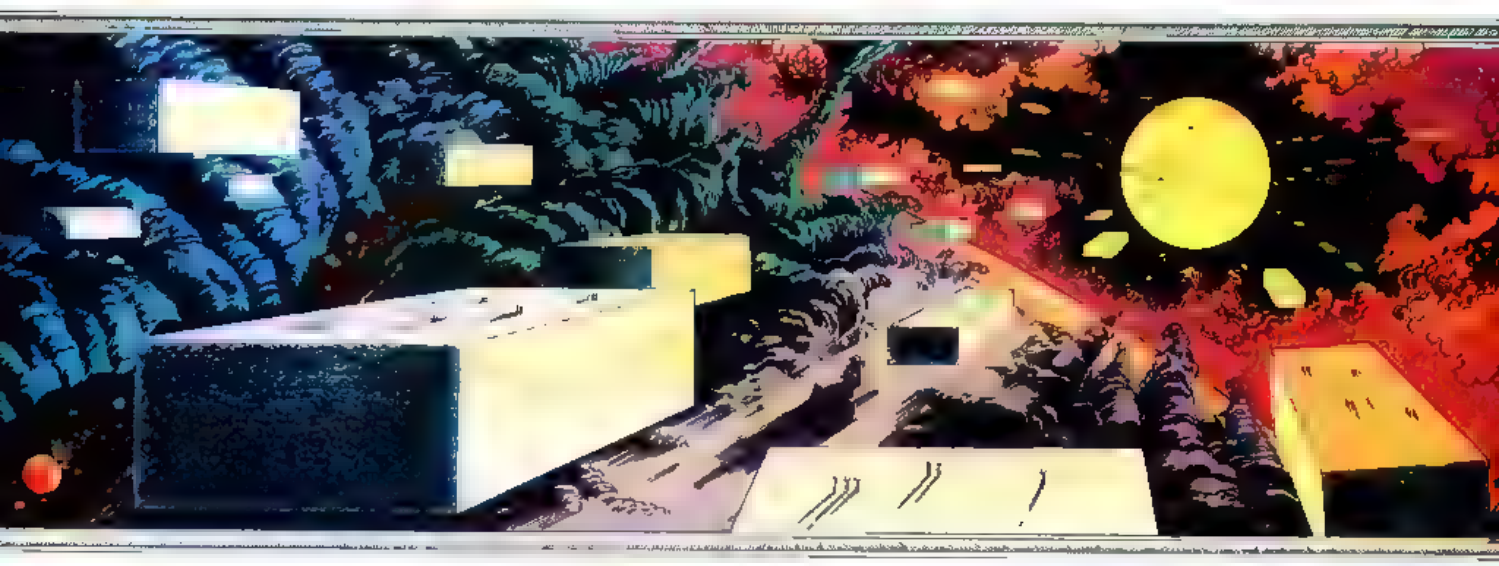
SO FAR, CAPTAIN ZORA AND LIEUTENANT NYLEA, RENEGADES FROM THE FEMOCRATIC PLANET HONEYCOMB, FLEE WITH THE REVIVED MALE HIBERNAUTS TO THE NOW-ABANDONED EARTH. THERE THEY FIND ROB, THE LAST HUMAN INHABITANT AND A SHIP CALLED GENESIS II – THEIR ONLY MEANS OF ESCAPE.
NO, ZORA. GENESIS II'S PROBLEM IS SOMETHING FAR MORE SERIOUS. THOUGH IT HASN'T BEEN USED IN THOUSANDS OF YEARS, IT'S STILL IN FLAWLESS CONDITION WITH ALL MECHANISMS INTACT
AT LEAST THE LIGHTS ON THE CONTROL PANELS ARE STILL LIT. THE NAVIGATION LIGHTS STILL BLINK ON AND OFF AND THE SOLAR ENERGY COLLECTORS KEEP THE SHIP SUPPLIED WITH ENOUGH POWER FOR TAKEOFF
IT'S UNCHANGED FROM THE TIME IT SAT READY HOURS BEFORE ITS LAST DEPARTURE WHEN THE ENTIRE CREW DIED HORRIBLY, APPARENTLY ATTACKED BY SOME KIND OF BACTERIA
ZORA
THAT HUGE BLACK MONSTROSITY WITH LIGHTS BLINKING DAY AND NIGHT, BECAME A GOD, AND SO IT REMAINS IN ACRA TANGOR, CITY OF THE NECROPHILES, SERVING AS A TEMPLE AND ALTAR FOR SACRIFICES.
STORY AND ART FERNANDO FERNANDEZ

WHEN WE FIRST DISCOVERED ACRA-TANGOR THERE WERE MORE THAN A HUNDRED ANT MEN IN OUR PATROL ONLY THREE RETURNED BADLY WOUNDED THIS TIME WE'RE ALONE
WE DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE, DO WE? WE MUST GO DON'T YOU ALL AGREE?
WE'RE WITH YOU ZORA
THE TINY GROUP FROM THE SUBTERRANEAN CITY BEGAN THEIR SEARCH FOR THE ONLY THING THAT COULD SAVE THEM ROB, AS GUIDE LED THEM OUT AND AFTER MUCH PRODDING FROM THE REST OF THEM, BEGAN RELATING THE STORY OF HIS EXTRAORDINARY LIFE "THINGS HAPPENED QUICKLY IN THOSE TURBULENT TIMES
OUR SOUTHERN FORCES'S LAST OFFENSIVE LEFT THE NORTHERN ALLIANCE ARMIES ALMOST DEFENSELESS
HOW RIDICULOUS THAT SOUNDS NOW AMON, AFTER SO MANY YEARS IN THOSE DAYS, I WORKED IN SPACE
AS ALWAYS, WE TECHNICIANS BELIEVED THE WAR WOULD END SOON WITH A TREATY AND THAT NO ONE WOULD DARE USE THEIR ARSENAL OF SPACE WEAPONS
THEN WE'RE ENEMIES!
THAT MORNING, I WAS AWAY FROM MY MEN, REMOVING A CONDOR II'S SOLAR PANELS FOR DEFENSIVE PURPOSES WHEN I SAW THE MISSILES COMING, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! THEY HAD TAKEN THE WAR INTO SPACE!
ON THAT VERY SAME DAY THE DAY OF THE ATTACK- WE WERE PUT INTO HIBERNATION
THE FIRST THING TO GO WAS THE REPAIR STATION WHERE MY MEN WERE AFTER THAT THE CARGO SHIPS, AND THEN THE PATROL SHIPS THE MULTIPLE WARHEADS DISPERSED, SEEKING OUT ALL MECHANISMS NO MATTER HOW SMALL AND DESTROYING THEM
BRAMM!

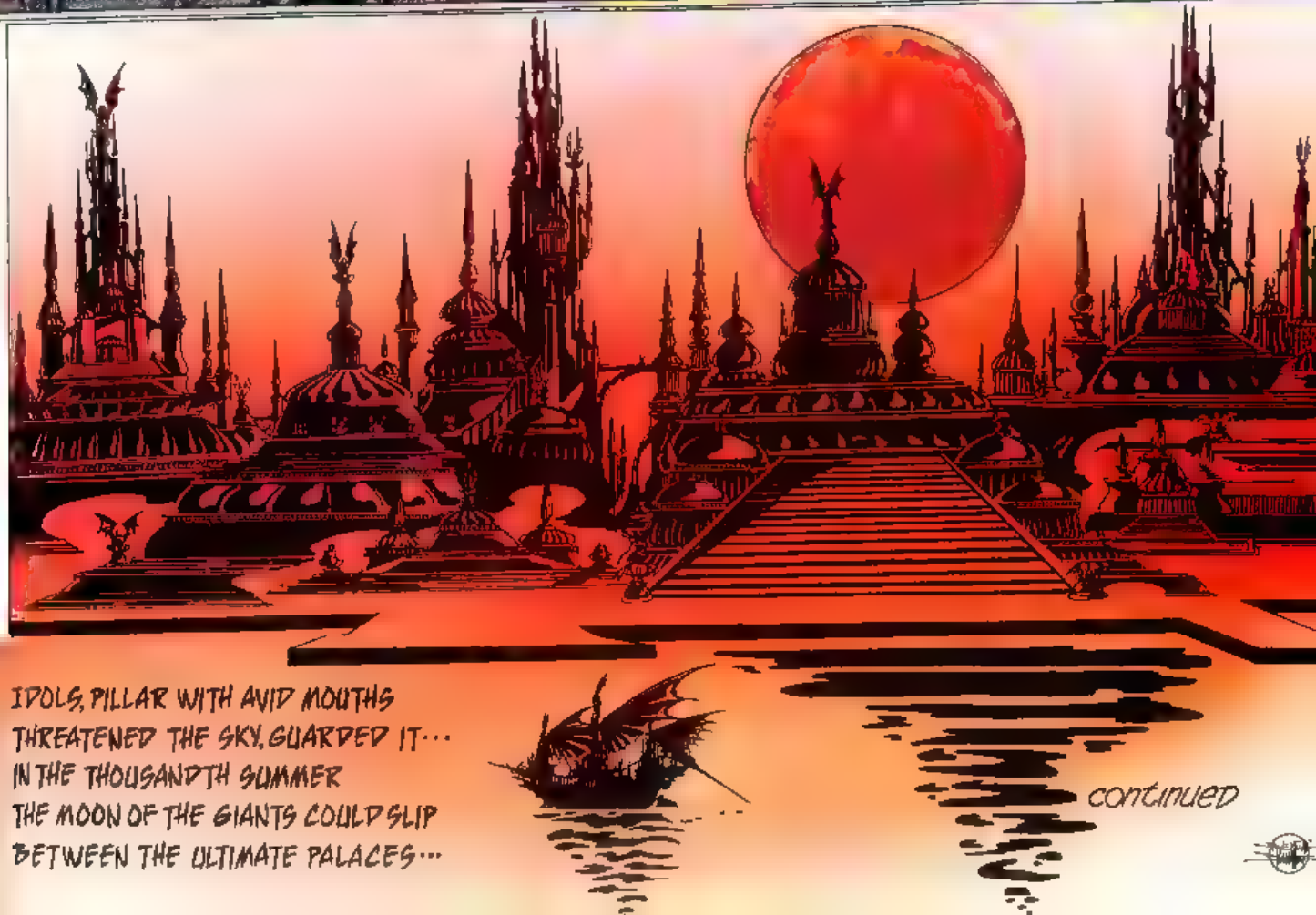

FROZEN BY TERROR AT THE
DEVASTATING ATTACK CONTINUED
AWAITING THE END TO COME
"WHEN IT WAS
OVER I LEARNED
WHY I SURVIVED
MY HANDS WERE
GRIPPING THE CONTROLS
BUT THE POWER FOR THE
CAPSULE'S LIFE SUPPORT WAS
SHUT OFF AND THE BATTERY
DISCONNECTED THAT'S WHY
THE MISSILES DIDN'T
SEE ME."
MY GOD.
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
WHAT ABOUT THE
SPACE NEUTRALITY
PACT? THOSE VICIOUS
NORTHERNERS USED IT TO
WIPE THEIR ASSES!
THE AREA FROM
SOUTHERN
ARMIES ATTACKED
OUR OUTER
SPACE
DEFENSE
PERIMETER
I WAS
NOT TO BE
HAVE THE
GOLDEN
THE PEACE OF
THE NORTHERN ARMIES HIGH
COMMAND HAS BEEN
AND
WE WILL
KEEP
THEM FROM
SPACE AS WELL
FOR ALL BE
OURS
WHOSE FINAL
VICTORY OVER WHOM?
MALICIOUS
POLITICIANS AND
MILITARY SONS
OF BITCHES!

THE LUNAR BASES WERE DESTROYED ALONG WITH THE SATELLITE SYSTEM. ON EARTH NOT ONLY WERE THE ARMIES AND ALL THE CITIES DESTROYED, BUT THE RADIOACTIVITY WAS SPREADING LIKE A MORTAL PLAGUE!
AND SOMETHING ELSE WAS ADDED TO THIS DRAMA. TO MAKE IT EVEN MORE CRUEL THE SISTERHOOD SEIZED CONTROL OF LUNA II, AN ENORMOUS SATELLITE THAT WAS THE LAST OF THE FLEET REMAINING INTACT, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CHAOS. THEY LAUNCHED A BACTERIOLOGICAL ATTACK ON THE EARTH!
I WATCHED THE TRAGEDY IMPOTENTLY FROM MY CAPSULE ENLARGING MY ORBITAL RADIUS, I TRIED TO PREVENT MY CAPSULE FROM FALLING INTO THE ATMOSPHERE AND BURNING UP. I DIDN'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO FACE A FAST DEATH. EVEN THOUGH I KNEW THAT THE RADIATION OR THE BACTERIA WOULD FINISH ME OFF.
MY FEARS WERE CONFIRMED WHEN I TOUCHED DOWN SEVERAL DAYS LATER. HUMAN LIFE HAD DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH. AND I, THE LAST MAN, PROBABLY WOULD NOT LAST LONG EITHER.
I THOUGHT ABOUT THE FANATIC REFUGEE WOMEN ON LUNA II—ALMOST WITHOUT HATE—AND ABOUT THE SAD THOUGH WELL-DESERVED END OF OUR CRAZY RACE.
TO BE CONTINUED

RAGAEL
BY PAUL DEF DRILLET
PART BY DEMUTH. TRANSLATED BY PAUL KIE TENNANT. REPRINTED WITH THE PERMISSION OF QUICK FOX. FROM THE BOOK "RAGAEL URM." BY DRILLET



TOWARDS CEMEROON THERE FLOWED RIVERS
OF MONOLITHS, AND IN THE CLOUDS OF HIS BIRTH
THE HEADS OF TITANS WITH EYES LIKE CHASMS
OPENED THE STRAITS OF MIRAGE BETWEEN
CONTINENTS OF STORM



IDOLS, PILLAR WITH AVID MOUTHS
THREATENED THE SKY, GUARDED IT···
IN THE THOUSANDTH SUMMER
THE MOON OF THE GIANTS COULD SLIP
BETWEEN THE ULTIMATE PALACES···

continued

In our first issue, we blew the whistle on PEDERASTY ON THE SCI-FI CONVENTION WORLDS Of
Next, we went undercover to expose the shocking FESTIVAL OF THE FLAGELLANTS on Fandom IV!
STARFLOG
THE INTERSTELLAR MAGAZINE OF CULT FETISHISM
RETURNS FROM A TINY, INSIGNIFICANT PLANET CALLED EARTH . . .
. . .WHERE WE'VE DISCOVERED THE MOST MASOCHISTIC SOCIAL CUSTOM OF ALL TIME . . .
17%!
18%!
19%!
CONDO BONDAGE!

STARFLOG

In our last issue, GILL-EE-GAN, the lovesick monster, told us the story of his life. He had hardly finished, when his desert planetoid was invaded by the most feared creatures in the galaxy--a race of Real Estate Developers! And now the tractor-beams from their craft were coming closer and closer...

4 WHAT YOU SHOULD DO IF YOU GET CAUGHT BY A TRACTOR-BEAM AND SUCKED INTO AN ALIEN SPACE-CRAFT.....
By Adeline Jones

10 PANI.....By Marty Meadows

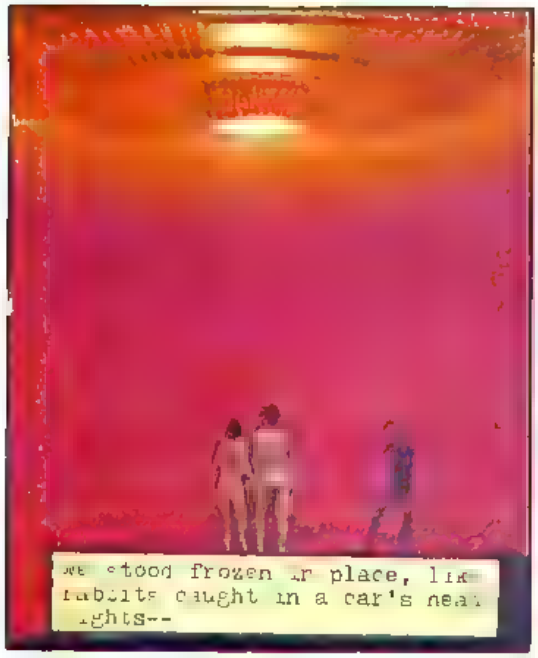
26 HOW TO DISGUISE YOURSELF AS A ONE-PIECE BATHING SUIT ON THE BODY OF A NAKED GIRL WHILE YOU'RE PANICKING...
By GILL-EE-GAN (a blob of protoplasm)

30 COVER STORY: Actually, the cover has nothing to do with the story, but what a great picture!

36 THE MYSTERY OF THE BEAUTY CONTESTANTS, ARE THEY STILL TRAPPED INSIDE THE BURNING SKUTTLE?.....
By A Worried Reader

46 HOW TO FLOG B-MOVIE STILLS & HACK WRITING TO SCHOOLCHILDREN AT AN OUTRAGEOUS COVER PRICE.....
By the Editors of Starflog Magazine

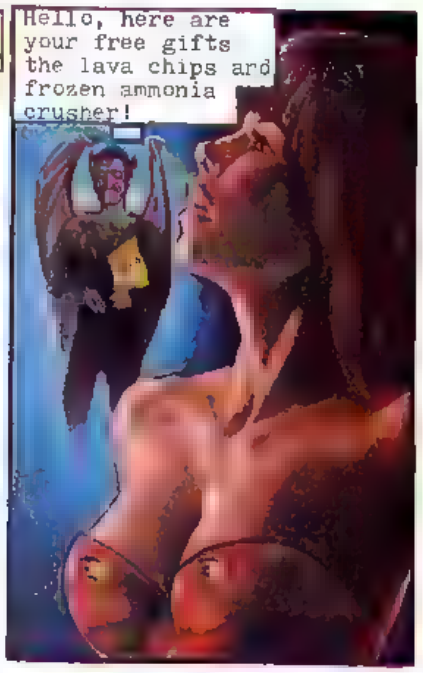
beams came [illegible]
and closer...Suddenly,
with a soundless scream
panic--
Hey!
GILL-EE-GAN leaped onto Adeline's naked body and coalesced into a mottled one-piece bathing suit.

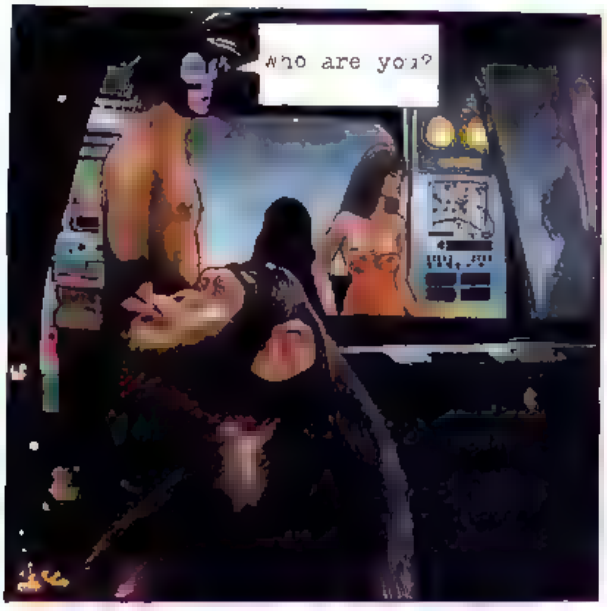

We stood frozen in place, like rabbits caught in a car's headlights--

--then we were sucked up into the pulsating saucer.

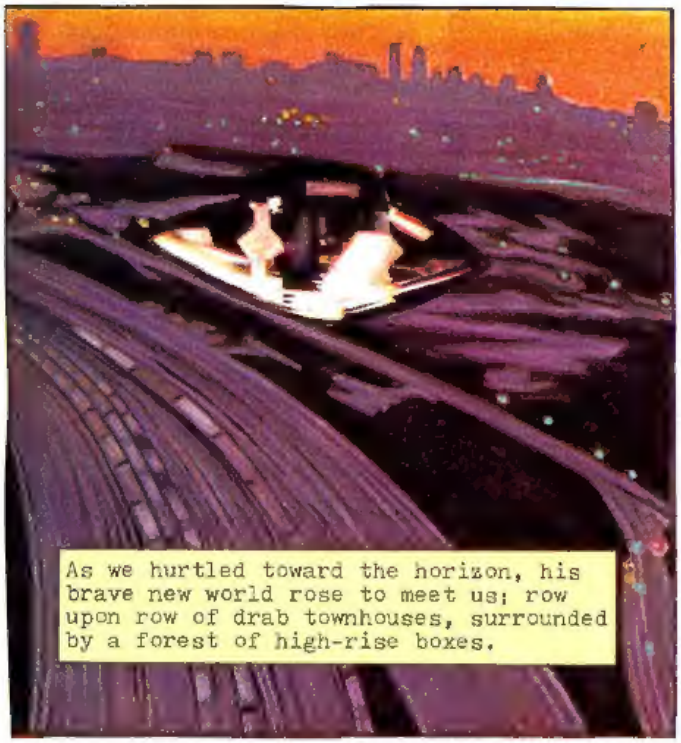
Where are we?

The monster's thoughts were twisted with fear and disgust.
We're inside the-- sales office...


Hello, here are your free gifts the lava chips and frozen ammonia crusher!


Who are you?

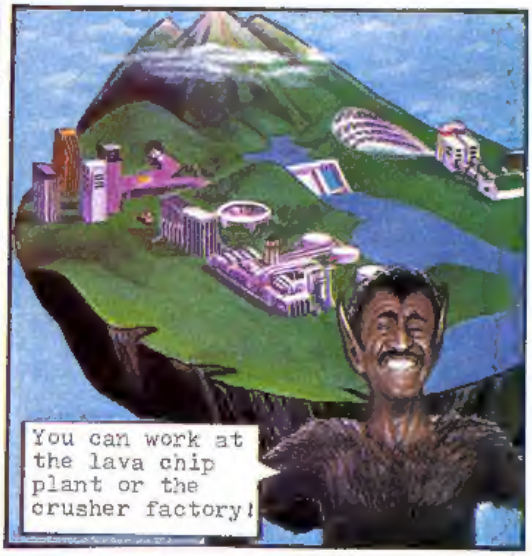
The Deva, for this is what his race is called, turned his craft and carried us across the scarred plain of the little planet.
Naturally, you'll want a complete tour of the property first.

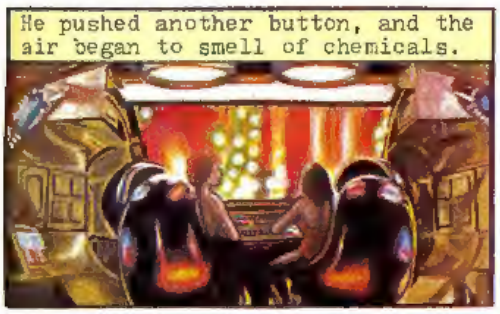

As we hurtled toward the horizon, his brave new world rose to meet us; row upon row of drab townhouses, surrounded by a forest of high-rise boxes.

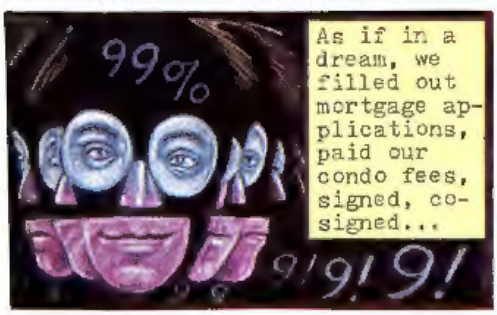
We've tried to think of everything you could want...
He pressed a button and the interiors appeared on the screen--
--complete with nagging wives pushing vacuum cleaners, sullen husbands reading the Sports Page, children screaming, TV sets blaring... they had thought of everything.

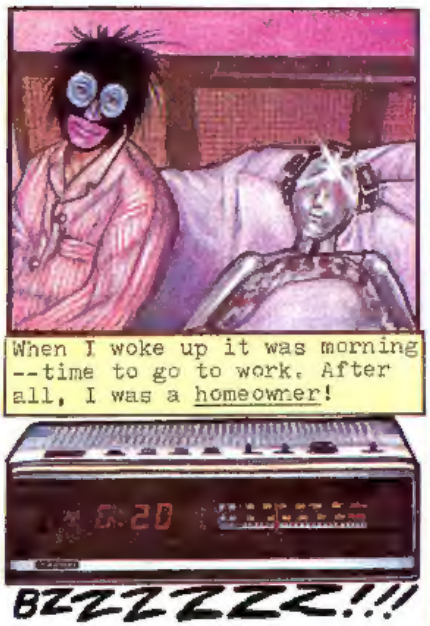
In the red glare of the sunset, their windows glowed like the coals of Hell.

We can't afford to buy condos--we don't have jobs.


You can work at the lava chip plant or the crusher factory!


He pushed another button, and the air began to smell of chemicals.

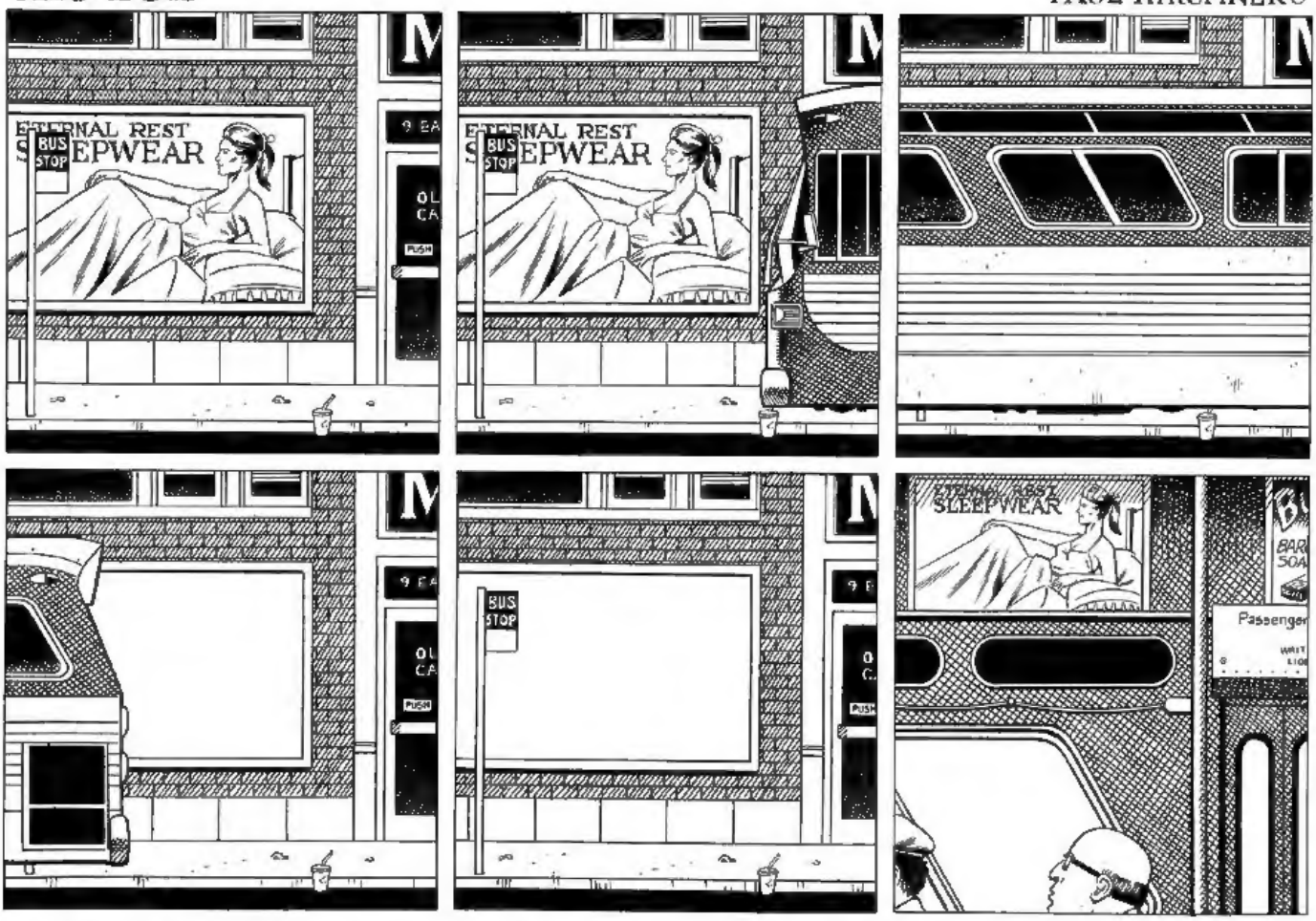

99%
As if in a dream, we filled out mortgage applications, paid our condo fees, signed, co-signed...
9!9!9!


When I woke up it was morning --time to go to work. After all, I was a homeowner!
BZZZZZZZ!!!

Howdy, Neighbor!
To Be Continued ...

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



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1. FUCK OFF & DIE
2. HOW DO YOU SPELL RELIEF? F-A-R-T
3. WHEN I WANT YOUR OPINION, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU.
4. WHEN I'M GOOD I'M VERY GOOD, BUT WHEN I'M BAD I'M GREAT.
5. I'M NOT PLAYING HARD TO GET, I AM HARD TO GET.
6. HOW CAN I SAY I LOVE YOU WHEN YOU ARE SITTING ON MY FACE?
7. AN ELEVEN IS A 10 THAT SWALLOWS
8. SEX WITH ANIMALS IS BETTER THAN THE CHICK YOU'RE WITH.
9. I MIGHT LIKE YOU BETTER IF WE SLEPT TOGETHER.
10. HUMPTY DUMPTY WAS PUSHED.
11. SEE ME.
    FEEL ME.
    TOUCH ME.
    EAT ME.
12. TELL ME NOW BEFORE I WASTE $10.00 ON DRINKS.
13. WILD BEARD RIDES 50¢
14. I FUCK ON THE FIRST DATE.
15. IF YOU ARE TRYING TO ACT LIKE AN ASSHOLE, YOU ARE DOING A GREAT JOB.
16. DROP YOUR PANTS, I THINK I KNOW YOU.
17. CAN I BUY BACK MY INTRODUCTION TO YOU?
18. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, LET'S TRY IT.
19. PRESIDENT REAGAN SAID, "IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE." SO LET'S FUCK.
20. GO SUCK A FART.
21. SEX IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE HORNY.
22. I'M SO HAPPY I COULD JUST FART!
23. I WOULDN'T FUCK HER WITH YOUR DICK.
24. I ONLY SLEEP WITH THE BEST!
25. DRUGS SAVED MY LIFE
26. SHIT FUCK DAMN PISS HELL
27. I DON'T NEED LIFE I'M HIGH ON DRUGS
28. EAT SHIT & DIE!
29. HAVE A SHITTY DAY!
100. TOO DRUNK TO FUCK!
101. MY MOM THINKS I'M AT THE MOVIES
102. REALITY IS FOR PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HANDLE DRUGS
103. DON'T FUCK WITH MY REALITY!
104. HAVE A NICE DAY FUCK SOMEONE
105. LIFE IS LIKE A SHIT SANDWICH, THE MORE BREAD YOU HAVE, THE LESS SHIT YOU HAVE TO EAT!
106. IT'S SO FUCK'N GREAT TO BE ALIVE
107. I'M NOT AS THINK AS YOU STONED I AM
108. THE MORAL MAJORITY SUCKS
109. I MIGHT NOT ALWAYS BE RIGHT, BUT I'M NEVER WRONG.
110. SEX HAS NO CALORIES
111. I HAVE TROUBLE REMEMBERING NAMES—CAN I CALL YOU ASSHOLE?
112. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO SIT ON MY FACE.
113. EAT SHIT & DIE MOTHER FUCKER
47. MY FACE IS LEAVING AT NINE, BE ON IT.
60. AS LONG AS I HAVE A FACE, YOU HAVE A PLACE TO SIT
21. I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO"
1. I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR, RUM AS IT.
2. FREE MOUSTACHE RIDES (WITH ARTWORK)
3. BEND OVER I'LL DRIVE
17. IN OUTERSPACE NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU FART.
4. CHAMPION MOUSTACHE RIDER (WITH ARTWORK)
5. I RODE THE MOUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)
6. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM.
   I DRINK.
   I GET DRUNK.
   I FALL DOWN.
   NO PROBLEM.
7. PARDON ME, BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
30. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
8. HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
9. HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
10. SAVE OUR BEACHES...
    HARPOON A FAT CHICK!
11. HAVE A NICE DAY ASSHOLE!
12. FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE.
13. NO FAT CHICKS
14. NO FAT DUDES
15. WE DIVE AT FIVE
16. WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW?
18. THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND.
19. NO TEENIE WIENIES
20. MINES BIGGER
22. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM.
23. BOY, SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!
61. I'M SO HORNY EVEN THE CRACK OF DAWN ISN'T SAFE
62. I MAY NOT GO DOWN IN HISTORY, BUT I'LL GO DOWN ON YOUR LITTLE SISTER
63. HOW CAN YOU SOAR WITH EAGLES WHEN YOU WORK WITH TURKEYS?
64. YOUR CRITICISM IS GREATLY APPRECIATED. FUCK YOU VERY MUCH.
65. I'M A FUCKING GENIUS
66. FUCK OFF
67. LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES, BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE PRICKS
68. THE WORD OF THE DAY IS LEGS, HELP HELP SPREAD THE WORD.
69. YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO GO FUCK YOURSELF
70. I'M THE KIND OF GUY YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT.
24. PARTY SIZE
25. 1980'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
26. I DO...
    BUT NOT WITH YOU
27. LOVE ME TILL I SCREAM.
28. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
29. I'M FOR LUST
31. I WANT A MEAL NOT A SNACK!
32. ONE OF A KIND
33. DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
34. GO POUND SAND!
35. SCHOOL SUCKS!
36. ASK ME IF I CARE
37. SNOW BLIND
38. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY.
39. TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT!
40. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS
41. KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOURS

38x. I ♥ KIDDIE PORN
1x. I ♥ TO GET DOWN
2x. I ♥ BEING #1
3x. I ♥ BEER
4x. I ♥ SEX
5x. I ♥ COCAINE
6x. I ♥ TO BULLSHIT
7x. I ♥ TITIES
8x. I ♥ LITTLE GIRLS
9x. I ♥ LITTLE BOYS
10x. I ♥ HEAD
11x. I ♥ FAST WOMEN
12x. I ♥ DRUGS
13x. I ♥ TO PARTY
14x. I ♥ MYSELF
15x. I ♥ FAST CARS
16x. I ♥ TO DICK
17x. I ♥ LONG LEGS
18x. I ♥ THE BIG ONE
19x. I ♥ BROOKE
20x. I DON'T ♥ ANYTHING
21x. I ♥ NEW WAVE
22x. I ♥ YOU
23x. I ♥ IT
24x. I ♥ MONEY
25x. I ♥ LUCY
26x. I ♥ ROCK
27x. I ♥ IT WET
28x. I ♥ TIGHT ASSES
29x. I ♥ FRIDAYS
30x. I ♥ BRUNETTES
31x. I ♥ BLONDES
32x. I ♥ REDHEADS
33x. I ♥ YOUR BODY
34x. I ♥ SNOW
35x. I ♥ SKIING
36x. I ♥ TO FART
37x. I ♥ MOTORCYCLES
38x. I ♥ COUNTRY

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